

THE LONDON MERCURY

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EDITORIAL NOTES

WE must apologise for having appeared so late last month. We hope that readers will have realized that our lateness was due to the unusual size and opulence of the number, with its coloured plates and range of unusual types.

“Mark Rutherford ”

“**M**ARK RUTHERFORD” (W. Hale White) was born at Bedford on Dec. 22, 1831. On that date this month his centenary will be celebrated by the unveiling of a memorial tablet on the house where he was born. The Mayor of Bedford will preside.

A Neglected Writer

AS much has been done for many lesser men. Rutherford's memory would be even more suitably kept green by a wider appreciation of his works, which are easily obtainable in a cheap, uniform and legible edition. His reputation has always been, as it were, “local.” In certain circles one could be sure that any well-read person would be familiar with his works ; in others, equally cultivated, or even more cultivated, it has always been surprising to meet anyone who was more than dimly familiar with his name, in the “wasn't he some Nonconformist parson chap” manner. *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*, *Catherine Furse*, *Miriam's Schooling*, the very name, so smacking of broadcloth and white neckties, “Mark Rutherford” combined to give an impression of drabness and dissent, mean streets and solemnity. Nothing could be remoter from the truth. However sectarian may have been the surroundings of Hale White's youth, his intellectual sympathies were of the widest. His scenes are mainly rural or “small town.” His characters are finely drawn. A very subtle humour, a pervading scholarship, and a great descriptive gift were combined with a style of beautiful clarity. Good short novels are very rare in English : he is a minor classic and attention must surely return to him.

A Book Specially Recommended

ON another page is reviewed a book called *Loona*, by Norman Walker (Longmans). It came out some weeks ago and has been done very much less than justice by the novel reviewers, who would all have been justified in devoting columns to it (as they do to the great second-raters of the day) instead of short paragraphs. We should like editorially to reinforce our reviewer's eulogy. It is not, in some regards as caviarish as Mr. Collier's *His Monkey Wife*; but like that book it is the work of a man with the qualities of a poet and a wit. Mr. Walker's prose is easy and equal to every call that is made upon it, and he walks along every kind of razor edge with surpassing skill. We hope that he (as the adjuration to Gargamel went) "will speedily fall to the making of another."

Creepers

A GENTLEMAN recently wrote to the *Times* (which had a very amusing leader on the theme), advocating the extensive plantation of creepers on the ground that virginia creeper, clematis, wisteria, and the rest of them were not only beautiful in themselves but very useful as coverings for ugly houses. We should go still farther. Most modern buildings are so repulsive that deciduous creepers (like patriotism) are "not enough." Half their time they are leafless and merely spread over the repulsive brickwork beneath them a wholly ineffective network of dry stalks and tendrils. No: for most of the modern speculative builder's efforts the sempiternal ivy is the only thing. Its thick mantle remains green and impenetrable all the year round, and, in the present connection, it has the additional signal merit of gradually destroying the walls to which it clings. Who, travelling along the new Great West Road, could fail to welcome the suggestion that almost the whole of the houses along its hideous length should become compulsorily "ivy-clad"?

Control of Elevations

THE subject is brought to our mind by the appearance of a Report from the C.P.R.E. and R.I.B.A. Joint Committee, on the Control of Elevations. The Committee (which was presided over by Sir Leslie Scott) has produced a very sensible disquisition on the nature of the problem, and concludes with these recommendations:

1. That in the opinion of this Joint Committee of the R.I.B.A. and the C.P.R.E. it should be a general principle that all Local Authorities should have the power and the duty to consider, criticise, approve or reject plans and elevations for all buildings, and that for this purpose the procedure both of building by-laws and of town and country planning should be utilised on the lines recommended in the following paragraphs:—

2. The Public Health Acts should be amended at the first Parliamentary opportunity (a) by extending the by-law making power so as to include elevations, i.e. the scrutiny of design and materials, and (b) by making the adoption of a suitable code of building by-laws obligatory on all local authorities.

3. (a) All "planning" authorities, i.e. both Local Authorities, County Councils, and Joint Committees, should be encouraged to extend as rapidly as possible the control which may be obtained through Planning Schemes, and particularly to take advantage of the additional facilities which the Town and Country Planning Bill promises to afford; and in particular (b) all Local Authorities should be required to make suitable provision to the satisfaction of the Minister of Health, either individually or by joint action, or by deputing the duty to the County Council under the powers of the new Bill, for carrying out the supervision of building plans and elevations.

4. When the Town and Country Planning Bill becomes law, the Minister of Health should be asked to receive a deputation (a) for the purpose of emphasising the great public importance of resolutions for planning schemes under the Act being passed throughout the country without delay,

(b) for the purpose of discussing how best to promote the taking of advice by all authorities concerned from properly qualified architects conversant with local conditions on all plans and elevations submitted to them, and

(c) for the purpose of facilitating the use by Local Authorities who have not in their own service a qualified architect, or for whom it is not practicable to utilise the services of an architect in the service of the County Council, of the system of panels of architects and others set up jointly by the R.I.B.A. and the C.P.R.E.

5. Provided always that where elevations have been prepared by a qualified architect they should not be rejected by a Local Authority on the ground of unsuitable design unless such Local Authority has received architectural advice either from its own architect or a local panel of architects approved by the Minister.

6. Where elevations are rejected on the ground of unsuitable design any person aggrieved thereby should have a right of appeal to a tribunal on similar lines to that provided for in the Ministry of Health Model Clauses for Planning Schemes.

Along those lines progress must come if progress there is to be. But what a world of pities that this did not all come before the new Arterial Roads!

Edward Lear

EDWARD LEAR needs no introduction to the British public as the author of the *Book of Nonsense* and *Nonsense Songs and Stories*, but as a landscape painter he is unknown. Landscape painting was his profession and he himself attached far greater importance to his landscapes than to his writings, which were mere diversions. His contemporaries were of a different opinion: his pictures were tasteful and pleasant, but his literary nonsense was very unusual. And their verdict was probably not far wrong when applied to the landscapes which Lear exhibited during his life-time: laborious water colours influenced by a pre-Raphaelite realism and worked up with a good deal of body colour into a French polish finish. They are, however, rarely devoid of a certain charm and the secret of this charm is disclosed in the preparatory sketches which are now coming to light. Two years ago a number of these sketches were shown at the Howard Galleries in Museum Street and attracted some attention, and now a large exhibition has been held at the Alpine Club Galleries. These sketches show that beneath the studio finish of the

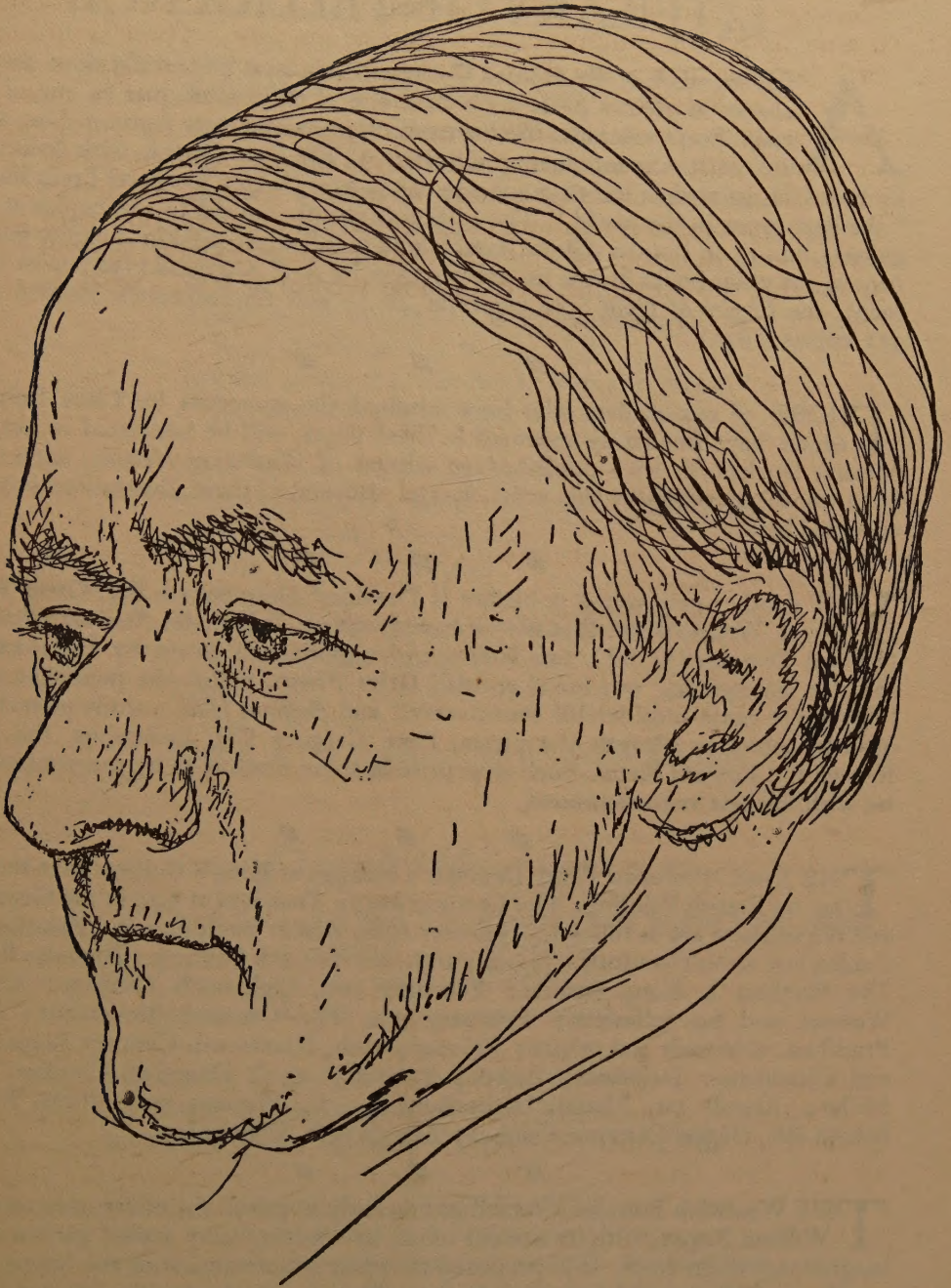
academic paintings was concealed a keen descriptive vision, refreshingly spontaneous and direct. Lear was clearly a born sketcher. Every drawing is done under the compulsion of a genuine impulse. There is no fumbling with formulae nor is the sketch merely a fragment: the thing is seen as a whole. The variety of Lear's reactions is remarkable, but in most of the sketches there appear certain common characteristics: sweeping expanses, variegated with a great deal of small and delicate detail, or close up views emphasising some unusual pattern of quite a modern abruptness. There are few contemporary painters who could fill an exhibition with so many watercolour drawings of singular charm and attraction, and there is no doubt that the prevailing unfavourable verdict of Lear's work as an artist must be seriously reconsidered.

Belshazzar's Feast

LAST month the B.B.C. gave the first performance in London of an *L*oratorio—or nearly an oratorio—by William Walton: *Belshazzar's Feast*, the words of which are selected and arranged from the Bible by Mr. Osbert Sitwell. The performance was not particularly good—less good, in fact, than at the rehearsal—but the audience clearly showed that it realised the importance of the occasion, which was nothing less than a fresh flowering of English music. For once the ordinary listener has the critics' support when he uses the most dangerous epithets, like "magnificent," or "overwhelming"; one listener dares to say that there has been no promise in English music equal to Mr. Walton's since Purcell. At the age of twenty-nine he has produced a work comparable in scope and resource to the *Requiem* of Brahms, and surpassing the great choral work of our own time, Roussel's *Psalm*. Our musical critic will review *Belshazzar's Feast* in its proper place; we only want to record a lay enthusiasm for what, by its ease and breadth, is unquestionably a first-rate work. Mr. Walton has already had his successes; this is the first of his triumphs. Since he has behind him Mr. Constant Lambert and Mr. Lennox Berkeley, as well as older composers whose merit has already been tested, we may soon be able to support our own music on musical, as well as national grounds. The suspiciously belligerent manner in which certain musicians have been advising in the Press the rejection of all foreign musicians will then have better support. By the time our pride has been restored by the appearance of some really good British music at last, we shall be able to re-discover much that has been unworthily neglected hitherto—the songs of Mr. Ivor Gurney, on the earlier works of Stanford, for instance—simply because, from lack of anything better, they would have been forced into ridiculous prominence.

A Correction

WE are asked to state that the price of *The Art of Egypt*, reviewed in our November number, is 42s. and not 10s. 6d.



ARNOLD BAX
By Powys Evans

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

ALL the work of the Golden Cockerel Press is so beautifully done that it is almost as great a pleasure to read one of their catalogues as one of their magnificent volumes. We have recently received their Autumn List, which announces the imminent publication of *The Four Gospels*, with decorations by Eric Gill, printed in the 18-point size of the new Golden Cockerel Press Face on "the best paper in the world." The edition is strictly limited to 488 copies at eight guineas, and 12 on Roman vellum, hand bound in full white pigskin at eighty guineas. Among the other books in this list are two tales by A. E. Coppard (750 copies at 21s. each); the *Elegies of Ovid* (350 copies at 42s.); and Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* 325 copies at 63s.)

THOSE of our readers who have admired the woodcuts by Clare Leighton, which have frequently appeared in these pages, will be interested to hear that Messrs. Duckworth have published an edition of *Wuthering Heights*, with twelve large wood-engravings by this artist, at 25s. Several of these illustrations have also appeared here.

YET another new young publisher is Desmond Harmsworth (44, Great Russell Street, W.C.1) whose first list we have received. It includes *Summer Islands*, by Norman Douglas (3s. 6d.), two volumes of unpublished essays by Havelock Ellis (6s.), an anonymous war novel entitled *Other Fronts*, which the publisher says is "certain to cause considerable controversy," and *Ruffians Hall*, a study of such various characters as Morgan the pirate, Pope Gregory VII, Columbus, the Prince Regent and Edward Kelly. Such enterprise in these times is to be commended, and we wish the new venture success.

THE Revd. Professor Percy Dearmer's lectures at King's College next term will be on French Painting. The Lectures are on Tuesdays at 5.30 in the Great Hall, and the subjects are as follows :—January 19th, Earlier Sculpture and Painting (continuing last term's lectures); January 26th, Seventeenth Century: Nicholas Poussin, The Brothers le Nain, Claude; February 2nd, Eighteenth Century: Chardin, Watteau and his followers; February 9th, The Classical Movement: David, Prud'hon, Géricault and others; February 16th, Nineteenth-Century Romanticism and Classicism: Delacroix, Ingres; February 23rd, Daumier, Courbet, Corot, Millet; March 1st, Manet. Impressionism: C. Pissarro and others. Renoir; March 8th, Degas, Cézanne, Gauguin; March 15th, Conclusion.

THE Woolwich Borough Council has recently acquired the estate once owned by William Roper, with its ancient moat, its contemporary walled garden and its magnificent cedar trees. It is proposed to repair what remains of the house, and to use it as a Gallery and Museum to house collections illustrating the life and times of Sir Thomas More. To carry out the entire scheme a sum of £6000 is desired. Full particulars can be obtained from, and subscriptions should be sent to, the Chairman of the Well Hall Restoration Committee, at 71, Rectory Place, S.E.18.

POETRY

Dawn in September

LIKE a still watchful host
Tranced by the enemy,
Unseen, but silent, working for attack,
Lies the earth misted.

A grey hour slips by,
Told on the beads of a grey gossamer,
Ring-doves in the wood,
Robins along the wet fields hop and sing,
Robins and a bubbling willow-wren. . .

Stirs the unslumbering earth,
And through the silver ramparts of the mist
Wings its great burning way
The bird of morning.
Each fiery plume
Fanned in the sudden hollow of the downs,
Lighting sad pomp of days,
Caught and re-kindled on the crest of hills,
Another torch
Borne in the vanguard of the year's funeral.

LOIS VIDAL

Death Watch

COULD you find nothing that was worth your while
for making . . . or taking . . .
no truce worth breaking,
no gay crusade nor any woman's smile ?

No words to utter and no poem to write,
no doors to open and no fires to light,
no death worth dying and no life worth living ?

Can you wonder that I'm unforgiving
when I see you lying in a fine white sheet
with candles at your head and wreaths at your feet
and a look on your face of a secret knowledge
of something you couldn't have learned in College
nor heard in a Bar nor read in the Paper ?

Can you wonder that I took the taper
to find in your face what you would not tell me
nor the Church teach me nor the Merchants sell me ?

But you've covered up with a white wax mask
the answer to everything I wished to ask !

Not serene not complacent, but calm, unafraid,
secure in the knowledge that all debts are paid,
save that which you owed me by dying before me.
I looked on that mask and its beauty tore me,
tore with its sign of a Truth discerned,
of a journey accomplished and a last page turned,
of a problem solved and a wage well earned.

But this could not help me and this could not heal.
There was nothing to borrow and nothing to steal.
I should have asked you in that last minute. . . .
But now the lid is locked on the spinet
and no-one again shall finger the keys
and play staccato melodies.
The lid is locked and the chords are dumb
And you did not tell me and my soul is numb.

Can you wonder that in rage and doubt
I tip-toed to the candles and blew them out
and left you there ? As I crept outside
the spent wicks were glowing on either side—
two red eyes followed me to the door.

There is nothing more.

DERMOT SPENCE

Secession from Standing Committee B

I

ASSESSMENT

SO I who sit here too may learn the skill
 Of one who starts the wood notes from the strings
 Bow scraping gut to flare the sound until
 The heart thinks only of the song it sings.

Yet are these cysts upon the dugs of time
 Or are they grave Millennial judges sat :
 To work by reason and eschew all Rhyme
 And gloss the people's will for this and that ?

For it is hard to sift whom Demos chose :
 Some hold that wealth alone and blood must pay
 Some died before youth blossomed like the rose,
 And some appear to bless but sit to prey,
 With life grown on like hair from their dead grace
 Of selves long confined in the market place.

II

COMPENSATION

MOREOVER Law Lords say : What do they say—
 " Now dermatitis is another thing
 " Therefore in para. (B) insert word (a) ; "
 And so they drone with good intentioning.
 But in the water street sea horses neigh,
 And up the Thames the old adventures sing.
 And thus we eat a hundred drams of dust
 The while dear bodies bloom and lovers die.
 The Mind speaks musty words in wordy must
 On legal compensation for an eye—
 There's no amend for those, who've lost the thrust
 Of vision to the stars in noonday sky.
 Or, when they hear a schooner in the fog,
 Forget the wine-warm isles along her log.

III

INDUSTRY AND PROVIDENCE

IF only I could die now, I would take
 The desert and the crackle of the thorn,
 And camel-dung at dawn beneath the stake,
 Whose flame consumes the flesh in which I'm born.

If only I could live now, I would choose,
 The sun on vineyards and the corn below.
 (And shall CoOps. immunities abuse,
 Or salaries for politics bestow).

If I could live now, Ah ! if I could dare,
 And leave the bandied word of class and class,
 To watch the late noon spill the shadows where
 I've drawn a maid beside me to the grass—

Sickle dropped, girdle slipped and dress undone,
 For love Persephone beneath the sun.

IV

SECESSION

THROUGH the manana of the rain-winged hours
 The lassitudes of government go on.
 But I have cuckolded the learned towers
 And left the unamended bills foredone.
 And now I ride the seasons on the torque
 Of Earth's precessional to follow where
 The land rives wet behind the ploughboy's work
 And peewits wheel above the soil-bright share.
 For when the joyous days are done with hound
 And horse or worsted tent or caravan
 Man still may strive that kindly fruits abound ;
 Still by his sweat man wins the soul of man ;
 And lights his tribe through the long tribal night
 By his own eagerness to serve the light.

LYMINGTON

Lines for any Wood-Engraver of the 'Sixties

I SAW her ride across the downs,
 Her face towards the sea ;
 I called her in the pause of wind ;
 She did not answer me,
 But drew the rein above the shore
 And stayed to hear the breakers roar
 And watched the seagulls wheel and soar
 In motion grandly free.

I called her in the pause of wind ;
 She made no answering sign,
 But silent in the saddle drooped
 Towards the drooping pine.

GWEN CLEAR

An Elegy

NOW we must mourn her beauty that we caught
 And caged apart, to droop before our eyes.
 What thoughtless praise might do we never thought—
 How her proud fear might stir and wake, and rise
 To smite us with pride's hollow smile, her shield ;
 Behind which she had fled from abject praises.
 Humble, she'd humbled us—lust stood revealed
 And high desire was silent in sweet phrases,
 Old wing-clipped words whose magic could not stay.
 We held her beauty's treasure as a toy ;
 Its graceful dance of death made bright display
 Till that which gave it life was gone, her joy.
 On a marble pillar sleek and cold, alone
 Our praises placed her, and she turned to stone.

T. S. BAZLEY

The Meeting

SEEING my love but lately come from far,
 Now in some others' company draw near,
 I know not how to meet,
 How entertain, or greet
 My love where others are,
 All unprepared to see her then appear.

THE LONDON MERCURY

Yet instantly my thoughts precede the fact,
 And they go on to seize their happiness.
 Deserted by the mind
 My limbs lag on behind ;
 They do not know their act
 Nor even feel the ground on which they press.

So while my thoughts go on to kiss her straight,
 Yet stay until my body should be there,
 I am amazed that she
 Should talk of roads and sea,
 And many things relate
 I had not sought, but others wished to hear.

My mind turns home not finding what it sought ;
 Yet home to my own mind I cannot be.
 I am not I ; my breast
 Is strange, and dispossessed
 Of all I willed or thought,
 Finding my own love's thoughts are strange to me.

Thus foreign to myself I cannot act ;
 My foolish hand half-raised falls down again.
 Between my senseless lips
 No sound of greeting slips.
 All joy in me she lacked ;
 I turned from her amazed with grief and pain.

T. O. BEACHCROFT

Modern Hymn

COME, brethren, to the Holy Place
 And let us bend with time and space
 And high o'er earthly king and queens
 Exalt the ministry of Jeans.

Lord, what's the answer to the sum
 In Thy space—time continuum ?
 And hast Thou any use for us
 O calculating Calculus ?

For now the Hound of Heaven is hounded
 And reason on itself is founded,
 And Thou art Thought, and Thought have we
 In Testaments of formulae.

Our cymbals are but symbols now ;
Thy fields would never suit a cow ;
And in Thy Heaven O Architect
Only electrons are elect.

Forgive us if we find this light
A little dazzling to the sight,
And pardon any burst of song
In the faint hope that Jeans is wrong.

GEOFFREY DEARMER



SEWING

Woodcut by G. RAVERAT

THE FAIRY HILL

By EDWARD SHANKS

THIS is the story which Mylie never told anyone else, and which she told me only when she had been married for some time. It was just after her first child was born, and she was feeling very healthy and happy and normal. Indeed, she has been like that ever since, and I fancy that her telling of the story was a sign that she had ceased to believe in it. And she had ceased to believe in it, as women will, not because she had come to think it untrue, but because it no longer mattered to her.

As for me, I don't know quite what to think. Perhaps it really happened as she thought it happened: even if it did not, there is something still unexplained. . . . You will understand presently why she told the story to me, a rejected lover and afterwards her devoted friend, rather than to her husband: you may understand also, I hope, why, in spite of my disappointment, I became her devoted friend.

She lived in a Shropshire village, near the Welsh border, among woods, and hills, and streams, and then more woods. You cannot see the village until you are in it. The roads are so thickly edged with trees that they look like disused cart ruts of the giants, now become highways for pygmies. And the whole of that countryside tinkles with running water. Brooks of all sizes, from bright, restless threads to knee-deep torrents, run down through the woods to the river, and there the trees lean over, sometimes touching in the middle. When the wind blows lightly there is another sound of water in all the leaves.

It is a strangely lonely place, because from nowhere in it can you see very far. Even the upper windows of the Rectory, where Mylie lived with her father, command none of the other houses. Only the great house, Latcham Manor, high up on the further hill, sees all the roofs as patches of red and brown, scarce amid the green. In the woods it is lonelier. When you go into them you enter another world, green and hollow and still, except for that incessant tinkle which begins to be disturbing when you have listened to it for an hour. A huge aqueduct runs through them from a reservoir in Wales to one of the great midland cities, and that seems to make the loneliness more severe. Almost—when you come across one of its mysterious, empty buildings—almost (shall I say?) shocking.

But Mylie liked the woods and was allowed to wander there by herself as much as she pleased. During my summer in Latcham, when I first met her, I was perpetually uneasy among the trees unless I had company somewhere near at hand. The loneliness consisted only in the apparent absence or distance of humanity. Apart from that the place seemed—I can only say that it seemed unpleasantly populous. I don't mean anything

definite by that—just that in the woods, in spite of the emptiness and the stillness, one never did feel quite alone or unwatched. Just that and nothing more : I have no story of my own to tell. And Mylie, at any rate, escaped even discomfort. Perhaps those who are not much used to human company take more kindly to the feeling that there may be company of another sort about.

She barely remembered her mother and she had been brought up by her father alone (he had never even sent her to a boarding school) in a North London parish. It may be that there, with nowhere for wandering but a rather soiled and ugly park, she had felt as uncomfortable as I did in Latcham Great Woods. The rector was a good and careful parent and did not neglect her or treat her unkindly. But, save in so far as practical matters were concerned, he lived wholly inside himself. They would spend weeks together, Mylie once told me, without speaking a word save on the material needs of the day. As a companion for his daughter he did not exist.

So when they came to Latcham, she being then just over sixteen years old, she discovered the woods with an enhanced joy. And she had not been ranging them for a week before she came upon what she recognised at once as their heart and life. There is a spur which stands out boldly from the general fall of the ground and, on the western slope of it, a little natural glade. In the middle of this glade there is a mound of fair size, bee-hive shaped and turf covered, a tumulus in fact, the sort of thing about which scientists quarrel and country people tell stories.

Mylie had never seen a fairy hill before, but she knew it at once and felt excited. She walked slowly towards it and, moved by some impulse she did not attempt to understand, lay down at full length on its side, her face snuggled on her upper arm. A steady breeze was moving the leaves around the edge of the glade, two or three birds were singing, the brooks went tinkling down to the river below. Mylie fell asleep.

She woke after an hour or so to find that it was growing late and that she must hurry to be in time for supper. But a strange feeling held her for a moment or two to the place. "You know," she said to me in explanation, "how sometimes you wake in the morning extraordinarily glad about something, you don't know what. Generally after a little while you remember what it is and it's always something unimportant." We all know that sensation.

But this time she neither remembered nor was troubled because she could not, and the gladness persisted. The woods felt different, and she almost skipped home, warm joy in her heart. Just joy—she could not tell me, she said, anything more than that—there was nothing she knew of to account for it.

Then, while she was changing her dress before supper (a thing her father liked her to do, though he never said anything whether she did or didn't)—while she was doing this and her fingers were busy on her meagre dressing-table, or straightening out a fresh hair-ribbon, she looked from her window to the woods on the hillside. And her heart leapt, for she saw, though she

had not noticed it earlier, that the glade on the spur was in full view. From that moment the fairy hill entered into her life and became a daily part of it. The same night, when she had gone to her room, she spent many minutes at her window. There were no clouds, but also no moon, and the stars showed the woods only as one dark mass. She knew, nevertheless, that she was looking towards the glade, and in the morning she woke again with the same certainty that something beautiful had happened.

After that she went every day, and on some days more than once, to the fairy hill, taking sewing or a book or sometimes just sitting there to dream. And here I must interrupt myself to make sure that no one misunderstands what Mylie told me. There was never anything mystical, let alone morbid, in the whole of her nature. She made up no fantasies, told herself no stories about the hill, did not even feel the need to explain the effect it had on her. But the woods were changed. She said characteristically, "It was like knowing someone by sight and admiring them and being afraid of them, and then being introduced and finding that they liked you." She had, apparently, no fear of others intruding upon her as she sat in the glade: it never occurred to her to think of this as a secret she must keep to herself. But it did give her a little shock when, on one day in early August, she came out of the long ride and saw the boy sitting there with the gun at his feet. The shock was not so much at finding someone else there, as at the first momentary impression that she got of him. He seemed (these are not her words) so much at ease in his surroundings, yet somehow independent of them, almost hostile to them. When she told me how he had looked to her at first sight I remembered how I had seen her from the road, in the rectory garden, and had thought her fair, delicate face a happy lily poised on a slender, supple, green stalk. She was wearing a green, knitted suit and had put up her hands to smooth the wind-blown hair. Something like that, perhaps, she appeared to him when she came suddenly out of the trees.

She halted there and looked at him again, and the first impression vanished. She guessed now who he was—Laurie Bateman, the son of Sir John Bateman who owned Latcham Manor. Sir John had been abroad on business all the summer and the boy, of course, had been at school. But though she recognised him she did not know what to do. She took one step forward and halted again. The boy looked at her for a moment and then, slowly and gracefully, stood up. He wore no cap. "Are you looking for anything?" he said, in a soft, lazy voice.

"I was just coming to sit here," she answered. "But—"

"Why not, why not?" He stooped and moved the gun from the foot of the mound as though indicating that close to him was where she should sit. But instead, and against her usual custom, she scrambled with one effort to the top and settled five or six feet above his head.

"So you're the Queen of the Castle, are you?" he observed, looking up at her out of narrow eyes. "And who told you that you could jump about like that on my ground?"

"Yours?" she asked, a little taken aback and troubled by what seemed almost like a note of enmity in his voice.

"Well—my father's. It will be mine one day. And then—well, I don't know what I shall do."

"Oh! but—" She considered him more closely and again her heart gave an odd jump. He *was* queer, not quite like real people. His face was all points: his mouth and his black eyes ran to points, they were almost like needles, not completely human. . . . Yet by no means at one with the magic inhumanity of the place—the gun at his feet was hideously wrong.

As if following her thought, he looked down at it and said, "I came out for wood pigeon, but I haven't had a shot." And then, carelessly, "Do you come here often?"

"Oh! always!" she cried, feeling the warm, happy influence of the hill run through her—and wished she had not said it.

"Well, I expect we shall meet here again. Unless my father has the mound fenced in. . . . It's an interesting old place. . . . I ought to tell him about it. . . ."

She clasped her hands involuntarily and swayed a little towards him, but this time she held her tongue. She had realised how closely he was watching her with his sharp, bright eyes.

There was a pause, and then he said, "Didn't come here for long, did you? It's latish now. We go the same way, I think?"

And she found herself quite happy and interested walking beside him, while he spoke of his school and the cricket he had been playing, of the gardens at the Manor, and of a litter of spaniel puppies he was rearing. But she was more at ease, it seems, when they issued from the green cavern of the woods. He took her to the rectory gate, talking nonchalantly in the same strain, a faint flavour of the desire to impress tinged a quite obvious desire to please. He left her at the gate and she stayed there a moment, watching him go up the hill towards the Manor.

Before that there had been no relations between the Manor and the Rectory. Sir John, a recent purchaser of the estate, was away when the new rector arrived in his parish. But on the morning after Mylie's meeting with Laurie, Sir John made an informal call.

"You'll forgive me," he said. "Widower, too, I understand?"

Mylie heard his voice through the window of her father's study as she was returning from the kitchen garden. A buddleia gave her shelter, from which she could see the tall, heavily built man on the hearth-rug, evidently trying to be pleasant with her father and evidently rather doubtful as to how he should go about it. She half heard one or two confused and well-meaning sentences about the needs of the parish and his hope that the rector would ask for what was required. Then she caught sight of Laurie, aloof and silent in the further shadows of the room, with something expressive of impatience in his attitude, and she realised that she had been thinking about him more than once that morning.

When she entered the room all three looked relieved. Her father made ineffectual introductory noises. Sir John did not wait for them to finish but offered her a clumsy and friendly hand and retained hers a moment while

he patted her wrist. She had the sensation that he was quite anxiously trying to please her. Laurie relaxed his stiff posture in the manner of someone who has been kept waiting unjustifiably but is prepared to forgive now that the waiting is over.

"Mylie," he said, "I've got one of the spaniel puppies outside in the car. Come and see it." She murmured something at Sir John, because she liked him and in a queer way felt sorry for him, then went out of the door which the boy held open for her.

"Would you like it?" he asked, as she bent over the little parcel of fur and held her finger delightedly to its questioning, wet nose.

"Is it old enough to leave its mother?" she said. "It will be so miserable."

"Quite old enough," he told her brusquely. "It ought to be grateful it hasn't been drowned," he added. "That's what I had to do with all the last litter."

Mylie was shocked at this and was still protesting when Sir John appeared behind them. "Now, young lady," he said, "your father says we may take you back to lunch. So get in."

"Oh! but—!" cried Mylie.

"You're lonely here, you know, and we have some young people staying at the Manor. The girls are a bit older than you are, but one of them is young enough. All girls are born grown-up and never grow older, eh, Mylie?"

At this Mylie was more distressed than ever, though she loved Sir John's friendly smile. "I'm all untidy," she said. "I must go and change."

"Nonsense," Laurie broke in. "Come as you are. You're all right."

"Give her ten minutes," said Sir John, in a slow voice of authority which, as she guessed, he did not often use in speaking to his son. "Go along, child: we'll wait for you here. I expect your father is at work again."

There were several guests at the Manor, and the women showed a disposition to make a fuss of Mylie. "What lovely hair she has," one cried. "It's the true ripe corn colour." And another, not directly to her, but taking no pains not to be overheard, called attention to the quaint beauty and simplicity of her manners. She blushed and was embarrassed, but Laurie hurried her away and showed her this and that—the spaniel bitch with her litter, his pony, and, last of all, a pair of ferrets. Mylie did not like the ferrets very much.

At luncheon, a long desultory meal that seemed to her to go on for ever, she was placed next to Laurie. Sometimes he talked to her almost confidentially: sometimes he joined in the general conversation. But if anyone else, man or woman, spoke to her, his expression showed quick displeasure—even at his father's one or two ponderously friendly remarks. This made her feel both uncomfortable and a little frightened, and she felt it even more when he tried to carry her off long before any of the others had thought of rising. But the women prevented that and saw to it that she was

left with them for a few minutes when the party broke up, Laurie being drawn away by his father into the billiard room, with the other men, under the pretext of some necessary discussion.

The women, when they were all alone together, looked at her with a sort of keen impartial curiosity. There were three of them—two married and in young middle-age, the third a girl not more than four or five years older than Mylie herself. The married women sought a little too obviously to put her at her ease : the girl spoke to her in a rather off-handed, yet guarded, way, as an equal. They were all much too sophisticated for Mylie even to realise how much more sophisticated they were than she.

As soon as they went into the garden, the girl took charge of Mylie. " You didn't hear my name," she said. " It's Belle Davenant. I say, how long have you known our young friend, Laurie ? " Mylie tried to explain, and Belle looked interested. She went on to say that her brother was at school with Laurie but that he had refused an invitation to Latcham. He did not want to come, she said, and left it at that. Mylie found herself oddly a little ruffled by implications which she surely need not have seen in this, and did not reply.

" He is fascinating, Laurie, isn't he ? " Belle continued. " So brilliant—so quick—and so much older than his age . . . though I don't know quite how much I like that. But he and Harry seem not to be very friendly. I tell Harry he's a fool : one day he will be wanting a job, and Sir John could give it him if he liked him. There are always people trying to get things out of Sir John." She added some remarks on the fabulous Bateman millions and on the father's anxious attachment to his son.

Laurie came and claimed her brusquely, without a glance, and with barely a word, to Miss Davenant. They spent the afternoon wandering through the grounds of the Manor. Laurie was showing off, but always with an elusive, disdainful deftness, that half charmed and half impressed her. They went into the long, stifling orchid house. The air of it, the smell of warm, wet earth and hot-water pipes made her languid and she only half saw the curious flowers. At the other end the door stuck and she tried to squeeze through the narrow space. Laurie, tugging at the door, was very close to her and suddenly, but with the utmost naturalness of action, he kissed her. She felt dizzy and frightened but she was pleased—she was more pleased when, a moment after, she reflected on what had happened to her. Laurie was strange, but all at once in her eyes he had become very wonderful. Then, silently, they went out and he pulled for her the only ripe peach on an old brick wall, angrily driving away the muttering gardener who had watched him with suspicion while he examined each fruit in turn. Mylie set her teeth in it and was surprised to find that it was real and tasted like other peaches.

They stayed out together through tea-time and after : it was only her increasing anxiety to be home for supper which made him reluctantly, even sullenly, let her go. They went back to the house to get her hat and there was Sir John, uneasily smoking a pipe on the drive.

"You'll see her home, Laurie, won't you?" he said. "Don't be long, you haven't too much time for changing." And then, to Mylie, taking her hand and putting his other hand with a clumsy gesture over it, "Good-night, my dear. Come again soon, won't you?"

Laurie took her to the rectory gate, but would not let her go in at once. When he did, she hurried into her room, hoping in solitude and with cold water to suppress the evidence of her flaming cheeks: she did not know that, even when her face had lost its high colour, her bright eyes would have been informers to any observer more acute than her father.

She was not present at, she did not even know of, the next morning's interview between him and Sir John. She did wonder a little at luncheon, when she caught the rector looking at her with so dubious a wistfulness, whether he guessed that she had spent the morning with Laurie and how many times they had kissed. And once or twice she looked fearfully down at her left wrist and instinctively tried to hide it, for it was still red and painful. She had not really minded when Laurie had taken it and screwed it in school-boy fashion, but she had been frightened by the pleasure which flared in his eyes as soon as the pain made her cry out.

That afternoon Sir John was taking Laurie to London to buy him a car and they intended to stay the night there. When Mylie knew that they had gone she went to the Fairy Hill and on its side, for an hour or so, she half dozed in dreams that were delicious but not tranquil. At first, uneasily in these dreams, she almost felt that she had committed a disloyalty towards the friendly turf, but it seemed to reassure her. She murmured her lover's name one last time, fell asleep, and awoke invigorated.

Mylie never knew what Sir John had said to her father. Nothing much, I imagine—just a bluff good-natured appeal to be indulgent to a boy and girl affair, which could lead to no harm and might do good. I hardly think he could even have hinted at marriage. The rector was a simple soul but the bare mention of the word must surely have reminded him that two fathers cannot arrange anything permanent between a girl of barely seventeen and a boy not much over eighteen. But Sir John had not become a multi-millionaire by accident. He knew how to convey what he meant to another man's mind without the medium of words. I daresay that during this interview the rector ashamedly found himself wondering whether at some time in the incalculable future his daughter might not make a brilliant match.

However Sir John may have managed it, the boy and girl found themselves with liberty to be alone together as much as they wished. For Mylie it was a little embarrassing sometimes, when, in front of his guests, people who were always coming and going, whom he did not seem to know very well and whom Laurie treated with perfunctorily veiled dislike, Sir John spoke to her as to a favourite member of his family, almost as to a daughter. He even suggested to her, on one occasion when there were several guests, that she should stay at the Manor for the week-end and act as hostess for him. But she was so frightened by the suggestion that he made a lumberingly facetious retreat from it.

She had little intimate talk with Sir John. She avoided being alone with him, because if ever she was he was sure to try to give her something. If she had accepted all his gifts the rectory would have been turned into a menagerie for miscellaneous animals—cocker spaniels, white rabbits, marmosets, even a kid on which she had cast an incautiously affectionate eye. Once he brought her a marvellous kitten from London—a white Persian kitten with orange eyes, whose parents had come in the caravan from Kabul.

And when she refused it, he said, "I shall have to send it back if you won't have it."

"But it will be beautiful here, Sir John," she protested. "It goes with the Persian mats."

He shook his head. "I can't have any more animals in the house." His voice was heavy and dragging and he looked at her almost as though hoping that she would ask him what he meant. She did not know what he meant: there were no animals in the house. The dogs and cats all lived in the stables, nor did they make themselves very obvious there when she and Laurie went through.

"I shall have to get it back to London somehow," he said mournfully, so she took it. The little bits of jewellery he gave her she could not refuse. They worried her, and she wore them one at a time on her almost daily visits to the Manor. As for the presents of money he thrust on her, they almost drove her distracted. If she was alone with him for two minutes, he was as likely as not to push a note into her hand, muttering something well-intentioned about "ribbons." She locked them all carefully away and eventually, deriving a brilliant idea from something she read in a newspaper, sent them anonymously to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, labelled "Conscience Money."

Thus the summer went on and she was happy, though, with Laurie claiming so much of her time, she could not go as often as before to be alone in the woods or dream on the Fairy Hill. Sometimes she felt that she must go there—more especially whenever that strange mood in Laurie had frightened and disquieted her. Then she would say, with a firmness that surprised herself, "No—no—to-morrow afternoon I am going for a walk by myself. No—you are not to come."

The third or fourth time she did this was when he beat his spaniel for leaping up at her and spoiling her dress. Not that the beating shocked her: she knew that dogs must sometimes be beaten. But before, in a teasing mood, he had encouraged the dog to do just this thing, in spite of her protests, and now, for no reason at all, he put a careful viciousness into his strokes that dismayed her. There was an accusation of injustice in every muffled whine that the dog let out, and it seemed to her that the wood rang with all the noises of cruelty. What made it worse was that the Fairy Hill was not fifty yards away, though it was hidden by the trees. She longed for the comfort of its sunny slope, but could not fly to it then: she felt all the more desperately that she must be alone there as soon as she could.

And so the next day she drooped on the consoling turf with a book which she had no thought of reading. It slipped at once from her fingers and she lay back, face upturned, the light making everything mildly golden behind her eyelids. Then she felt, rather than heard, a movement, started up, and saw Laurie coming round the tumulus, with his gun under his arm and something else that dangled from his right hand.

He anticipated her protest. "Yes, I know you told me not to come. But why shouldn't I come? I don't want you to go off by yourself." She began to speak and was distracted by seeing what he had thrown down on the grass. It was a rabbit, shot and bloody, and it was not dead. As she looked it made a spasmodic effort to drag itself away, but its hind legs were useless. It opened its mouth and made a curious, thin, bleating noise.

"Laurie!" The scream choked itself, for he had picked up the living animal and pushed his fingers casually into the wound, smiling at her over the tortured body. Mylie thinks she must have fainted then for a few moments, not at the rabbit's pain but at that cheerful smile. . . .

The next day he showed more signs of agitation than ever before. When he came to the Rectory she refused at first to see him and gave way only because his entreaties had actually driven her father to plead for him. Perhaps if she and her father had been able to talk to one another more easily she might have been spared much. She could not confide in him, did not indeed feel that there was anything to confide. She regarded her hours with Laurie as something stolen which would be forbidden if her father knew how they were spent. She did not want him to know that she was in love with Laurie: therefore she did not want him to think that there had been a lovers' quarrel.

So she gave way. She knew that if she did see the boy her mood of horror and disgust would be overcome—and she saw him. It was a one-sided fight. She could make him no reproaches without speaking of the rabbit, and she would never be able to do that. He promised, over and over, that he would not displease her again, and when she had given him a sort of lagging forgiveness he anxiously asked her to lunch at the Manor and to say something nice to his father, who was distressed. . . . Poor, bewildered child, she felt her horror melting into pity and her reluctant pardon became full absolution. She had never heard him speak so affectionately of his father before.

But nothing could be again as it had been. There were awkward silences between her and Laurie, and, though she hid it from herself, moments when she merely endured his kisses. It was not that she loved him less—it was only that a numb uneasiness clouded her former affection. And then some half-conscious train of thought gave her a new anxiety. They were nearing the end of September. She knew little of the life of public school boys, but ought Laurie not to have gone back to school? She was timid in her ignorance and made her inquiries very circumspectly and both the boy and his father put her off with brusque embarrassment. Horrible ideas formed in her mind. Had he been expelled? They both talked about his

travelling and learning languages before going to the University and they both spoke rather slightly of public schools. Then Miss Davenant came again to a week-end party, and from her Mylie learned that Laurie had not been expelled. No—it had merely been suggested that he might be better employed elsewhere after the summer holidays. Miss Davenant was willing to give reasons for this occurrence, but Mylie was not willing to hear them.

So, as the last fires of September burnt into October ashes, a deep and painful sadness settled upon her. She believed that she had known the best of love and that never again would she experience that first uplifting thrill in which both past and future had for a moment vanished. She now remembered all too well what had happened in the past and often she dreaded the future. For Laurie's repentance, though it had been real enough in his first panic fear of losing her, did not seem to be lasting. She intuitively knew what ailed him, though she could not have put her knowledge into words. And Sir John joined with him to thrust her into a sort of premature wifehood—with responsibilities.

"You like going about with the boy, don't you?" he would say with wistful clumsiness. Or, "You two are lucky. Either of you would be very lonely here without the other."

Her father should have helped her, of course, but he was not the man to discover what was actually happening, and she had not the smallest thought of telling him. She guessed, perhaps, that scandal was running rife across the county, but by now Sir John had made Laurie seem to her as much a duty as a joy, and that sustained her. There was always the Fairy Hill, and, under the goldening leaves, it shone for her with an ever-warming green.

In his first repentance Laurie had made a promise she had not asked for—that never would he go out with his gun again.

"Don't say that," she said. "I don't want you to promise anything like that." She did not much like live things being killed for fun, but she knew that all ordinary people did it.

"But I won't—ever."

Then came the day when he said, looking at her sideways, "I've got a brace of pigeon for you. I brought 'em down this morning." She did not answer. "Are you angry with me?"

"No."

"Fine shots both," he went on with a sort of defiance in his tone. "Hit 'em as clean as a whistle. I say, you *are* angry with me."

"No, I'm not." He hummed a tune, took up her hand and began to crush her fingers as if he would hurt them, then dropped them and moved away from her. A sort of heroic resolve began to take shape within her, but at first she hardly dared to put it into words even to herself. And yet suddenly it seemed to her that in this lay the solution of all their troubles. She struggled with it for a moment or two, but could not bring out a sound.

He was standing too far away from her and she did not want to see him looking at her while she said what she had to say. So, with difficulty, she beckoned him nearer in a way that unmistakably showed that she wanted him to take her into his arms. She felt it strange that she should be doing this, since hitherto she had been the wooed and not the wooer, since she had never yet invited a caress from him or bestowed one unprompted. But her new idea was so important as to break down all that had seemed natural to her and she persisted, though her cheeks burned furiously under his dancing, almost mocking, eyes as he sauntered towards her. The character of that glance chilled her resolution, but when he put his arms lightly round her shoulders and she could hide her face she forced herself to speak.

"Laurie," she said, with a dry mouth, "I only want you to promise one thing—to make it easier for me and for you, too—if you . . . if you want to . . . to hurt anything—" He did not stir and for a moment she felt that it would be impossible to go on. But with one final effort she got to the end. "If you want to hurt anything, promise you will come and hurt me."

He dropped his arms, turned his back on her and kicked jerkily at a stone. Then he swung round, kissed her lightly on the cheek, said good-bye in a pleasant voice and walked to the gate, where he turned to wave to her before he disappeared into the lane. She went dully into the house and told the boot-boy that he might take the pigeons to his mother.

Again, that afternoon, she went to the Fairy Hill, slipping out stealthily and early, and there, to her surprise, she found Miss Davenant, who was pushing the ferrule of her stick thoughtfully into the turf.

"Oh! don't!" Mylie gasped, as though a finger had been laid on her very heart pulses.

"What's the matter?" Miss Davenant inquired. "I thought I might find you here. I'm staying at Denby Park and I came for a walk through the woods."

"It's nothing," Mylie said hurriedly. "Only—only—if you make marks there now—they'll last. . . ."

Miss Davenant gave her a curious glance and said with some abruptness, "I wanted to see you. You're not looking as cheerful as you did in the summer."

"I'm quite cheerful. Oh!"—for the elder girl had once again absently thrust her stick into the side of the Fairy Hill.

"Sorry," said Miss Davenant. "I'll try to remember. How's that young man of yours?" She used the bluff elderliness of twenty-two speaking to seventeen.

"He is very well," Mylie answered, taking the implied relationship frankly and sedately. "Sir John is going to get a tutor to teach him French and German."

"Sir John had better—" muttered Miss Davenant, and then, "Oh, let's sit down!"

They sat down on the side of the hill, and Mylie experienced a subdued

consolation. She was where she wished to be, but three was no company. Miss Davenant had the embarrassing air of wishing to say something which she did not know how to begin. She talked instead, jerkily, on indifferent matters. At last she burst out in tones of desperation, "I say, why don't you chuck him? Sir John would send him away if you did. He only keeps him here because he thinks you have a good influence on him."

"Oh, but—!" Mylie was deeply agitated. Yet somehow the air about her seemed to glow as if there were a presence that approved the cruel suggestion.

"I daresay you have," Miss Davenant continued in haste, "but it isn't fair to you. You don't know. I could tell you things I have heard from my brother."

"Don't, don't!" cried Mylie almost sobbing.

Miss Davenant apparently understood that, if advice would effect anything, it had been effected. "I must be getting back," she said, rising. "They don't know where I am. I just came over on chance." Mylie did not try to keep her. "Are you—are you going to stay here?"

"Just a little while," Mylie said. They murmured a conventional farewell and then, after a moment's pause, Miss Davenant swung into the ride that led to Denby. She flourished her stick cheerfully at the turn and disappeared. Mylie made sure she was out of sight, then sank back on the tumulus again.

And all at once the thoughts in her mind overwhelmed and shocked her. Why not make an end of it? One short, horrible half-hour and it would be all done with. She imagined the scene and its passing and realised how afterwards a burden would have been lifted from her mind. She let herself play with the idea, imagined herself free—free of all ties and all anxieties. Sir John would send Laurie away—he would be as if he had never been. She could go about the woods again, alone as before. There would not be the daily expectance of the daily encounter, the secret suppressed dread of what it might reveal. That thought lapped her about like a tide of warmth. And then, in a sudden revulsion from her cowardice, she leapt to her feet. She would go to Laurie—at once! at once!—and make up to him for her unkindness that morning.

He was not to be found at home. "I will send to look for him," the butler assured Miss Mylie—for so, by Sir John's wish, she was known at the Manor. But she wanted to find him herself and went out into the gardens. Not in the stables, not in the rosery—she hurried on. By the wall, where the peaches had been, she found Sir John. "Where is Laurie?" almost breathlessly.

He seemed short in his answer. "Do you want him? I don't know what he is doing. I saw him over at the potting-sheds a little while ago." But Sir John would soon forgive her when she had made it up with Laurie. She hurried on.

She has never told me, I will never ask her, what Laurie was doing in the potting-shed, the little, disused one at the end of the row. I have a

confused vision of the boy stooping intent over the shelf, not much light coming in through the small, dirty window which had one of its panes cracked. Better not, perhaps, to know anything else about it—better not, certainly, to press Mylie to tell what she saw.

This time it was quite impossible for her even to speak to Laurie. She stayed upstairs when he called and sent him a message that she had a headache. He insisted on seeing the Rector, whose study was underneath her room. For some time she heard a murmur of voices that racked her more than a direct interview could have done. Then there was Laurie's voice alone, loud and sobbing, and after it, her father's, deeper and gruffer, answering him. Then suddenly a sound of hasty feet and a slamming of doors.

An hour later her father came to her and said that Sir John had called.

"Must I see him, Daddy?" she asked piteously.

"He is in great sorrow, Mylie, but—Laurie has told me. If you can see Sir John, do. He is very fond of you and you may be able to comfort him. I think he understands that you can have nothing more to do with the boy."

"Does he know?"

"Yes," said the Rector, "Laurie has told him, too. But he knew, of course, before."

"Oh, poor Sir John!" she cried, making little feverish movements to tidy herself before going down.

Laurie's father could not at first say anything to her and when at last he began to speak he was as wandering and inconsequent as if he had already entered into senility. He moved her so much that she went to him and put her arms childishly round him. His breathing grew for a moment more difficult, but finally his speech became more coherent.

"Mylie, dear," he said, "I know . . . I know what it is, but he is my only child. You have been very good to both of us . . . like an angel . . . can't you. . . ?"

She started back, passionately refusing.

"I will send him away . . . we will do everything we can . . . he has promised . . . if only you will say good-bye to him and tell him you will see him when he comes back. . . ."

"I couldn't, I couldn't!" she cried.

"You were my last hope, Mylie. He—his mother isn't dead, Mylie: she is—she is where he will have to go if no one helps him."

All the world was hard ice about her, gripping her with intolerable pangs of cold. She forced herself to utter a single "No!"

His body stiffened. "You won't do that for us?" She could make no more sound. "After all we have done for you?" This was what was left of the John Bateman who had made his way in the world: the last flaring of a long, well-regulated fire.

But he had raised his voice and so brought in the Rector, who, in his

belated anger, was as decisive as he should have been months before. "You have broken your promise to me, Sir John," he said. "You must not annoy Mylie any more. And you must see that your son does not annoy her."

Sir John was gone, and Mylie was sobbing with her face buried in the big, leather arm chair, while her father bent helplessly over her.

At last she raised her head and smiled at him. "I'm better now, Daddy," she said. "There is only one more thing I want to make me well again."

"What is it, my dear?" He was once again her remote, ineffectual father.

"I shall be all right when I've had a walk. I want to go—to go to—"

"But, Mylie, I don't think you had better go outside the garden, not just for a little while. . . ."

"I'm not afraid of him, Daddy. It would be horrible to meet him, but I'm not afraid of him."

"Perhaps I'd better come with you, dear," he suggested, hesitating.

She laughed aloud at the thought of her father going for a walk with her. "No, Daddy," she assured him, "it won't do me any good unless I go there alone."

Laurie no doubt expected that she would go to the Fairy Hill that afternoon, but he must have counted on her going later than she did, for it was not until she was nearly home again that she heard him hurrying behind her along the road from the woods.

She had not found the glade as she had known it earlier in the year, a bowl to contain the golden sunshine. The trees were stripping now and the sky was overcast with a grey hood under which darker clouds seemed in their hurry barely to miss the highest branches. On the tumulus the earth showed through the thinner grass and had a sodden look. Nevertheless, she experienced a thrill comparable only to that of the first sight. The dank melancholy of the woods and the sky had no effect on her spirits. She could not walk the last few steps towards the hill: she broke into a run and threw herself face downward on its wet side, spreading out her arms as though she would embrace it.

She does not know how long she stayed there, because, she says, her mind became completely blank while she lay thus drawing in strength and comfort from whatever magic power the hill possessed for her. All at once the process was completed. She felt like a charged battery that has received its quota of energy and is once again its powerful self. Never more definitely than on this day did she feel that the hill was an active influence in her life. She explained all this to me quite simply, neither showing any doubt of what to her had been a plain experience nor yet laying undue stress upon the possibility of the supernatural. To her it was just a thing that happened and she told me about it just as it had happened. I got the impression that she went to the hill for strength and solace as naturally as she would have gone to the hairdresser to get her hair cut, and when she had received what she went for she came away again. It was too wet and chilly to sit in the glade longer than was necessary.

It was well that she had been thus strengthened, for Laurie, when he overtook her at the Rectory gate, would have been enough to frighten anyone who had no interior power of resistance. Before and often enough she had seen a look in his eyes which dismayed her, even though it passed as quickly as she had caught it. But that look now seemed to have settled there for ever and to have driven out all else : it did not beat a shamed retreat under her painful glance.

The boy himself was in no hurry to speak. Perhaps the concentrated force of hatred and resentment within him made him feel that, without word or action, his mere presence would inflict on her all the agony he desired. So perhaps it did. A deep sorrow invaded her heart as they stood there facing one another in the gathering dusk, she with her back to the gate, he a pace from her in the road. She looked at him as she might have looked at the body of one whom she had loved but who had been taken from her by inevitable death. This that separated them was no less final, perhaps not any more a reason for blame. Some power which she did not understand, and about which it was useless to argue, had removed into another world the creature to whom her profound and gentle affection had been given. She could not follow him there : she could not even stretch out her hand across the chasm.

Therefore she was as silent as he, showing no signs of alarm and at last he was stung into speech. When he spoke her pity increased, for it was evident that the thing which had taken hold of him had shaken his greatest strength, that disdainful self-possession which up to now, whether in good moments or in bad, he had never entirely lost. His voice was hoarse and he stammered, began sentences which he did not end, and used words which to her had no meaning. She does not remember exactly what he said. I gathered that it was in essence simply a cry of hatred, a cry in which the evil in him gave dreadful force to his more human, passionate disappointment.

She, who had been nearly broken by what she had seen in the potting-shed, might very well have given way altogether under this impact. But, strangely, it had no effect on her. She was untouched, unmoved by it. She felt that it was only the necessary epilogue to the whole story and that, when she had heard it out, the last word would have been written and the book could be closed. For greater ease while it proceeded she leaned back against the gate and stretched out her arms along the topmost bar. The seeming casualness of the movement inflamed him further, and he dived forward at her. Of this, too, she told me, of this shocking moment, with a calm that astonished me : it seems never to have occurred to her that it is in rages such as this was that murders are committed.

I think myself that a murder might really have been committed if the Rector had not then appeared, as usual, almost too late. He came down the road from the village in time to hear Laurie's voice rising higher and higher and, guessing what was happening and deeply alarmed, advanced upon them at a run in time to thrust the boy back and stand on guard over

his daughter with a heavy stick. Luckily the madness had in part subsided, for Laurie was an athletic boy and the Rector was an ageing man. Mylie seems to have thought that it might have fallen to her to defend her father. But there was no necessity. The boy retreated almost to the other side of the road and a calmness fell upon him.

After a few moments he spoke again and his voice was now cool and clear. "Very well," he said. "If you have done with me, you have done with me, but at least now I am free to do what I like."

This puzzled the Rector, but Mylie guessed what he must mean by it. "I've given way to your fads," Laurie went on, "but there is no reason why I should any more. I always wanted to see whether there were any bones in that silly hill of yours and now I'm going to."

"Oh, no," said Mylie with a curious mildness, "you couldn't do that."

"Couldn't I? I'm going to, and you can't stop me. I shall do it at once: I shall do it to-night." Then his fury returned, and suddenly he ran from them up the hill, screaming at the top of his voice, "To-night! to-night! to-night!"

"What on earth does he mean?" asked the Rector, breathing heavily.

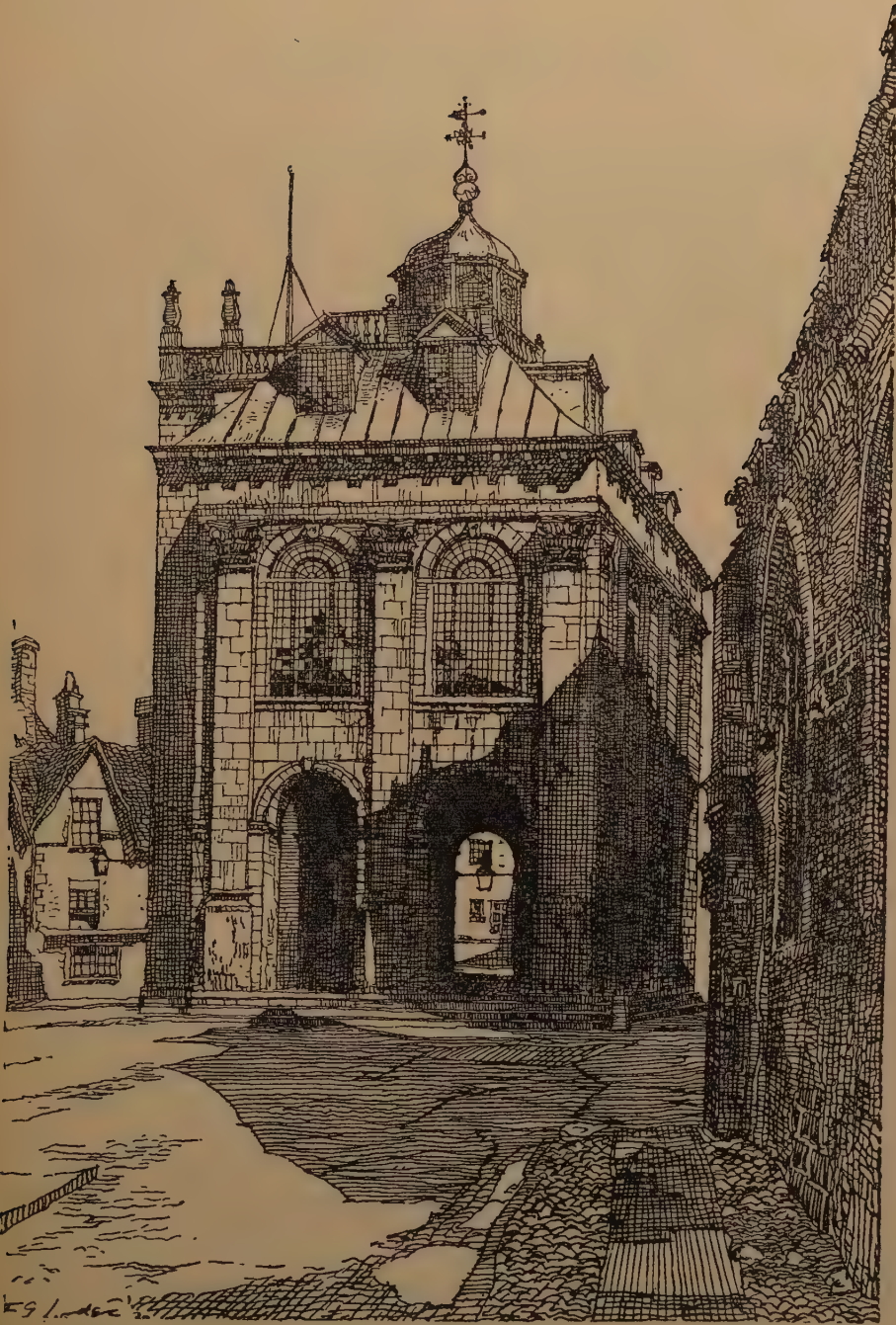
"He won't—" said Mylie, and then something led her to say instead, "It won't happen." The Rector gave it up and led her indoors.

The rest of the story does not take long, but what there is of it is beyond my power to explain. Mylie tells it very simply and in an almost matter of fact way. It seems that that night, when she went up to bed, she felt conscious of the coming of some inevitable event. It was, she said, almost like sitting at a play which you know is drawing to its final curtain. This feeling did not frighten or oppress her: it left her perfectly tranquil, expectant, but without a thrill. And, when she entered her room she walked, as it appeared to her, without her own volition, to the window, drew the curtains aside and sat there watching the empty darkness of the woods, amid which, she knew, was the Fairy Hill.

Presently there appeared that which, without having put her anticipation into words, she had been waiting for. There was a light in the woods, a light that bobbed jerkily and disappeared from time to time. It was a lantern which someone was carrying up the long ride towards the glade. At last it came out into the open and stood still. Its bearer had placed it on the ground near the tumulus. A moment after the bearer came between the light and her and she could see that it was a figure carrying a spade. The silhouette was visible for a second only and then it vanished again but the light shone on. Then the thing happened. There was another light, a light of a different quality, pale at first but growing brighter as she watched it. Against it, too, she saw the silhouette, but the figure was not now carrying a spade: it stood for that moment with its arms lifted above its head as though in astonishment or horror. And the light grew and grew until it suffused all the glade with a gold as bright as sunshine, but not the same as the light of the sun. In that radiance the lantern was put

out, and the silhouette melted away, and when the light faded again, as rapidly as it had grown, neither of them was to be seen at all any more.

That is what Mylie says that she saw. It is certain that there was someone in the woods that night carrying a lantern, for two or three of the villagers remembered seeing it, but not any stronger light. It is certain, too, that no one in the village ever saw Laurie Bateman again. But that, I think, proves nothing. Sir John seemed to believe that the boy had run away : there must have taken place that night between them a scene at the nature of which I can only guess. And as Sir John, within a very short time afterwards, closed Latcham Manor (he sold it a year later without ever returning there) and went to America, it is possible that the boy may have rejoined him abroad. Or the quarrel may have been such that the boy never did rejoin him. Or, for the matter of that, the boy may be in some prison or some madhouse in any country in the world. There is, finally, Mylie's own explanation of his disappearance and for the life of me I cannot tell whether she really believes in it or not. I do know that she spent the better part of the next day on the Fairy Hill, dreaming for hours, and for hours, she says, thinking of nothing at all.



TOWN HALL, ABINGDON
Pen-Drawing by F. G. LODGE

ETON

An Undelivered Lecture.

By MAURICE BARING

BISMARCK once said that, however much the Germans might profess to dislike and to despise the English, there was not a German who would not be secretly pleased to be taken for an Englishman. I believe it to be also true that there is not an Englishman who would be annoyed to be taken for an Etonian, however deep his conviction may be that Eton is a nursery of snobs or half-wits : that Rugby is more clever and Harrow more tunefully vociferous. I knew one boy who disliked Eton when he was there, and said so. I have known several who said they had disliked it afterwards. I know some who dislike it now. I have read and heard denunciations of Eton, attacks on Eton, abuse of Eton, satires on Eton, laughter at Eton, and kind patronising of Eton.

I cannot deal with the experiences of others. I can only deal with my own. I haven't the slightest pretence of impartiality, nor the slightest desire to see the question steadily and see it whole ; I am a violent, an unblushing, unrepentant partisan. About my own experiences and my own feelings with regard to Eton I have no doubt whatsoever. I enjoyed Eton whole-heartedly and unreservedly : I enjoyed it all from the first to the last moment. If I had my life to live over again, I should like all that piece back with nothing left out ; not even failing twice to pass in swimming ; not even my one white ticket for cheeking Mr. Ploetz, nor my row with Mr. Cockshott about carving my name on the desk with somebody else's knife—on the desk of the schoolroom—and denying it in the face of all evidence and sticking to my denial, unshaken by cross-examination : nor my anxiety when Dunglass and I were told that in fun we had broken W—'s leg, and that he might die.

My partiality on the subject of Eton is as sharp as my impartiality on the subject of the Universities is serene and unbounded. I do not want Harrow to win the Eton and Harrow match either this year, next year or ever. I do not believe that any other school is as good as Eton—not nearly as good. I do not believe that Eton is quite different now from what it used to be, I believe that Eton is just the same ; but even if she is not, even if she has changed for the worse, I believe her to be better than any other school. But I repeat I do not believe Eton has changed : I believe that Eton has been and always will be the best school, and that there is none like her, none.

I do not deny that Eton affords infinite scope for an idle boy to be idle and wide opportunity for a bad boy to be bad. But is this untrue of other schools ?

In one respect I happen by circumstance, and not by inclination, to be

an impartial judge. This needs some explanation, which touches the core and kernel of Eton life :

They toil at games, they play with books :
They love the winner of the race.

wrote an Eton poet. It was true. It is true. Quite true. Games at Eton are all important. The boys like games ; and both boys and masters think that games are more important than anything else. There are exceptions, but they, as usual, prove that there is no rule without exceptions. A boy would be thought more important for making a hundred at Lords than for winning the Newcastle scholarship ; for stroking the Eight at Henley than for being Captain of the Oppidans and winning all the prizes that are to be won, including the senior Drawing prize. Reams of paper have been written about this, and oceans of ink have been wasted over the topic : many have deplored the fact, and still deplore the fact : they call it snob-bish. The spirit of games has been spoilt, they say, and made professional. Moralists have pointed out the sad fact that on Sundays in Chapel the boys are taught to turn the other cheek, not to compete, to like the lowest place best. On Monday morning until Saturday evening they are told to strain every nerve to take the highest place, for the House, for the School and for themselves, in every direction and in every respect, all day and in every way. This may be sad, this may be paradoxical, this may be deplorable, but it is a fact ; and the boys pay no heed to what is said on Sunday, and a great deal of attention to what is being done during the week. To deplore this contradiction is to miss the point, which is this : is it or is it not a mistake that the standard of excellence and success at Eton is an athletic and not an intellectual or an aesthetic one seeing, that it has to inspire and control the ideals of boys ? I say emphatically that it is not a mistake. Imagine it otherwise. Imagine what would happen if the contrary were true.

Supposing the standard of success among the boys were intellectual and aesthetic ; supposing the winners of the Hervey prize for English verse, and the Jelf prize for Latin verse were hoisted, and that the winner of the Brinkman Divinity prize could go into stick-ups without further ado, and that the winner of the Drawing prize could wear a white waistcoat on Sundays and walk the wrong side of the street, and turn down the collar of his great coat, whereas the Captain of the Eleven could only wear a scug's cap, and a Captain of the Boats would not be allowed to wear white flannels ; what would be the result ? Insufferable priggishness on the part of the few, unutterable boredom on the part of the many, and universal slackness. Can anyone doubt it ?

The beauty of the existing season is that the worship and importance of games gives those who do not excel in games, or who are fond if not of study, of books, the leisure and the opportunity to cultivate their own tastes. They are allowed to go their own way unobserved and undisturbed : they are not interfered with. They do as they like, where they like. A boy can spend hours in the School Library reading *Monte Cristo*

if he wants to. Nobody cares. But supposing every one cared and thought it a disgrace not to like Pindar, nobody would be allowed to read *Monte Cristo* or *Sherlock Holmes*. The tyranny of the intellect is the worst of all. The rule of the intellectuals is far severer than that of the athletes. It is better, as Ecclesiastes says, to endure the chastisement of the pop-cane than the sharpness of a clever Highbrow's tongue. M. Renan said that if there were not forty thousand people going to the races every Sunday he would not have had enough leisure to study Hebrew in his attic, and, as he often pointed out, there is no tyranny so great as intellectual tyranny; nothing is more intolerant than the rule of the advanced and of the "free-thinker," for he insists on his fads being universally obeyed. And if the unwritten laws of Eton, which are so much more powerful than the written laws, were devised and enforced by a committee of intellectuals, I venture to think that the life of the average boy would be intolerable.

These standards being what they are, memorable Etonians—one need hardly say it—have been those who have won distinction on the playing fields and on the river. Those who play against Winchester and at Lords against Harrow, who row in the Eight at Henley, or who take part in the procession of the Boats; and there are also those who acquire merit and respect by winning scholarships and other rewards of academic distinction; these, too, are respected, because it would be a great mistake to say that the Eton boy despises the prizes awarded to the achievement of the intellect. He knows they count for something, but for something much less than getting your House colours or playing in Sixpenny. Nevertheless, to get the Newcastle is known to be difficult and worth getting: none of the other prizes counts for much, and the Hervey prize (for English verse) does not create a ripple of envy or of excitement.

But to be in Sixth Form and to recite a long speech from Thucydides in the original Greek, in black knee-breeches, is something; and no boy disliked being sent up for good for verses. This meant that a copy of Latin verses was so good that you had to copy it out in your own handwriting on a clean sheet of paper. What happened to it afterwards I have forgotten. But if you were sent up for good three times I imagine something else happened: I think you got a prize.

I am now coming to the point.

The boys who win these distinctions in play and at work, those who play at Lords or against Winchester, or at the Wall on St. Andrew's Day, or row at Henley, or get the Newcastle, are the vast minority; the majority of the boys win no such triumphs, sometimes they only just scrape into the first Hundred and wear a scug cap all their days: and of that obscure Majority I was a part:

Pars minima fui.

That is why I said I was an impartial judge of what Eton life was like to the average boy. And I can now tell the world that we enjoyed our obscurity as much as those their triumphs. We admired the triumphant but we did not envy what we knew we could not emulate.

It is said that boys are taught nothing at Eton, and that the reason of this is that the education is classical. It is said that if boys were taught Pitman's shorthand, book-keeping by double entry, how to mend a motor bicycle and how to break a watch, business Chinese and modern commercial Greek, they would learn more. I wonder. I can see a Mandarin taking the Lower Master's Division, and I can hear Smith minor saying: "Please, Sir, what is the Chinese for 'silly ass'?" and the Mandarin answering that it would be rude for a Chinaman to call anyone a silly ass, but that the Chinese for an unrefined and imperfectly instructed citizen, of no dazzling physical attributes and no outstanding intellectual accomplishments, and of unpolished manners, was perhaps best rendered by the word *Ping*, but boys must be careful to use the right *tone*. Then Smith minor would at once use the wrong tone and say *Píng* instead of *Ping*.

But it is not true to say that when I was at Eton we were only taught Latin and Greek, or that Latin and Greek alone were allowed to float gently above and over our heads, and to drift past our attention. Our classical education was tempered and admixed with Mathematics, Science, French and Classical French. Classical French meant being taught French, or reading a French book, under the charge and guidance of one of the Classical Masters, who might or might not know French. It is a mistake to say we learnt nothing; I still remember many of the things we were taught: here are some of them:

Alcohol is in solution, but castor oil is in suspension.

A diamond is really only a piece of charcoal.

Troy was captured in 1184 B.C., and King Magnus was drowned in 1184 A.D.

A guinea and a feather take exactly the same time to reach the ground in a vacuum (or *in vacuo*).

If you get into a full bath you lose as much weight as you upset by getting into it. That is called *Archimedes' principle*.

Again:

Pressure exerted anywhere (not only in a bath) upon a mass of liquid is transmitted undiminished in all directions, and something else happens to it, but I have forgotten what. That is called *Pascal's Law*.

When a piece of sugar gets wet through, if even only a small drop of water has touched the lower end of it, this is due to *capillary attraction*: and a knife and fork plunged into the leg of a human body makes an electric battery of sorts.

If you had a bamboo house and the pressure of air were taken away from it the house would swell, or smell—I forget which.

The French word *cannette* means a teal as well as a flagon and the spool in a shuttle.

"Police Constable quicker" makes a good *memoria technica* for remembering the Seven Hills of Rome by. Thus: (You pronounce it Queckar)—You say "Police Constable Queckar!", then you take the initial letters: P.C.Q.V.E.C.A. Then you say: Palatine, Capitoline, Quirinal, Viminal, Esquiline, Caelian, Aventine

Now, I am told these were not the Seven Hills at all, the real Seven Hills being different ones; but these seem still to be there.

But we were taught other things besides these interesting fragments of information by the talk of the masters and by what we read for our own pleasure. It was impossible to be up to Mr. Lyttelton without hearing a great many interesting things mentioned which were quite outside what was laid down in the curriculum. For instance : it is ten o'clock school on a Wednesday in the Summer half. History questions are to be set. The Period is 1485-1604 A.D. The sources are *The Student's Hume*, one of the most depressing books that have ever been printed. The Division is a mixture of backward boys who have gone up the school too slowly, and are older and lower than they ought to be, and others who have gone up too quickly. However, the winner of the Junior Drawing Prize is among us ; and this fact is patent because he is illustrating his history notebook. He is drawing a picture of Mr. Lyttelton. Mr. Lyttelton begins to talk about Wolsey. Douglas Pennant and Richardson engage in conversation till a book is thrown at them with the words, " Be quiet, you miserable brats."

" Henry sent Wolsey to Flanders on a mission to Maximilian. Who is Maximilian ? That gets us to the Holy Roman Empire, the Empire of the West. Who was Charlemagne ? " Up goes Baring's hand : he knows who Charlemagne was, he learnt that at home ; knows the approximate date, too ; he is praised. Down goes the date. Talk about the Western Empire goes on for a little time, and Wolsey is forgotten. The talk is interrupted by Bowman *ma.* dropping his books, but the Reformation is remembered and talked about, and we hear, at least I hear, for the first time that a lot of good things were then destroyed. A good deal of wheat was cut down with the tears. Bowman *ma.* is inattentive. Mr. Lyttelton quotes *Hamlet*, I forget why.

" ' Art thou there, true-penny ? ' " he says. " Who knows the quotation ? "

Up goes Ross's hand. He knows his *Hamlet*, and yet he failed in Trials last half. Ross is highly commended.

We get back to Wolsey, in spite of some cunning questions. Then someone asks whether Wolsey could have been Pope ? Mr. Lyttelton asks what Englishman was Pope. Ross knows. Ross is again highly commended. Was there ever a woman Pope ? Borthwick asks slyly. The answer is in the negative. Then what about Pope Joan ? The digression now is in full swing, because the subject of remarkable women is reached. We are safely away from Wolsey and the Battle of Pavia and Charles V.

" Who is the greatest English woman poet ? "

Baring holds up his hand, and when asked, says, " Mrs. Browning." He is commended. " She is the finest poetess since Sappho," says Mr. Lyttelton.

Thereupon follows a long digression, cunningly kept alive by Borthwick and Ross. But Wethered and Havelock *mi.* are not interested, nor is Marker, nor is Douglas Pennant. The conversation on the back benches increases to a hubbub. Barneby *ma.* has to be suppressed. Mr. Lyttelton

is annoyed and switches us smartly back to Henry VIII's divorce. Ross, in answer to some question, says he supposes Henry VIII was stubborn. Ross is commended for the use of the word "stubborn."

"Remember, if any of you brats ever get into the witness box," says Mr. Lyttelton, "to be a *stubborn* witness. British Juries like *stubborn* witnesses."

This leads to the subject of questions and answers, to repartees. Mr. Lyttelton tells us the story of Oscar Browning quoting to J. K. Stephen: "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and J. K. Stephen answering: "That's no reason you should lie about it in your old age, O.B." "I wonder," he says, "if any of you brats will ever make an answer like that."

Brats seem doubtful, and indulge once more in irrelevant comment. Their attention is pulled back sharply to Wolsey's death. He died on St. Andrew's Day.

"Please, Sir, why is the wall-match played on St. Andrew's Day?" asked Upperton, who wakes up with a start.

The question is disallowed.

Shakespeare is mentioned *à propos* of Wolsey's death. A question is at once asked whether Bacon and Shakespeare weren't twins. Questioner is made to sit on the floor next to Mr. Lyttelton's desk, and smacked with the flap of his gown. School is nearly over. We take down our history questions to be shown up next week. They are:

1. Write a life of Wolsey.
2. What were the causes of Henry VIII's divorce?
3. Show what Charles V. ruled over.

School is over. Chown *ma.*, who has been asleep throughout the whole of school behind a note-book, wakes up. The Division, as they troop downstairs on their way to Rowland's and Brown's for refreshment, give a vote of thanks to Ross, Borthwick and Baring for having caused satisfactory digression. Baring and Borthwick are socked Messes. Ross isn't hungry, but has a pennyworth of ade.

Such were more or less the proceedings under a master who had the gift of awakening the interest of the boys. But there were other masters who kept closely to the subject of the day and never swerved from it by an inch, and very tedious it was. The scholastic event of the week was verses, which were begun in school at eleven o'clock school on Tuesday morning, and were finished out of school with the help of kind friends. You could, if you liked, do prose for verse: but in the long run that was longer, more difficult, and less easy to obtain first aid for. We chose verse as a rule, and the subject was, nine times out of ten, spring. "O Zephyri," they began, as often as not, and "rustica Flora" could generally be got in. The verses had to be corrected by one's tutor, and that was no joke. Quill pen in hand, using blue ink, my tutor sat at the writing table of his Study, and when the verses didn't scan, and as they seldom did scan, he would say: "You've no more ear than a deaf adder." And if they were sapphics or alcaics instead of hexameters and pentameters, he would say: "I

implore you not to write lyrics," as he corrected every word of a version in alcaics of Shelley's *Ode to a Skylark*.

My tutor belonged to the authentic race of the great Eton characters ; he was the son of the Dean of Chichester and the nephew of Judy Durnford, after whom Judy's Passage was called ; like him possessed of lasting youth. My tutor seemed ageless. I remember him long before I went to school, when he used to come and stay with us in the holidays, and so he remained until his last Old Boys' Dinner in 1925, and I remember at the first Old Boys' Dinner I went to not long before the war finding that all my contemporaries looked like old men, but my tutor was just the same. His sandy hair never grew grey, his side whiskers remained the same, his eye, so often lifted in appeal to those around him meaning : " What can one do with such a fool ? " or " Pray God, give him sense." Everything about him was neat and spruce. His gown seemed to grow on him ; one fold hung down. I don't know what happened to the other side—I think he must have carried it over his arm—you didn't see it. He was as well turned out, shiny and ready for the world as a new purse: as pleased as Punch, and with as easily defined features.

The Lytteltons, in the language of their making, have, I am told, an expression which denotes a person who is on the spot—it is " up and dressed." My tutor was, above all things, " up and dressed." He was never taken aback. He was ready to face any situation. When he umpired at a football match, which he did often, he gave his decisions instantly, without the slightest hesitation, and with an accent that carried conviction even when one knew he couldn't possibly have seen what had happened. He had the greatest quality a tutor can have, that of being in a certain degree all things to all boys : that is to say, without being an athlete himself he gave the impression of being saturated with the spirit of games, and when his House was doing well in the House-Cup ties one saw that he was exerting immense self-control not to weep or scream, for, in spite of his sharp, decisive speech and ultra-sensible views on everything, he was highly emotional. And although he was not particularly literary, nor an outstanding scholar, he would fling to the scholars and the literary just the right word at the right moment.

He used to come into our rooms in the evening, sometimes before prayers and always afterwards. Before prayers the room would often be charged with the thick atmosphere of six candles, and my tutor used to say : " There's a stink in here you could cut with a knife," and then : " Mr. Thing has got things to say about you. Produce your so-called," alluding to something that had to be signed. When he used to come round after prayers, and the room had been made beautifully tidy, all the rubbish heaped in the bureau, or the ottoman, he used to say : " I see ; a whited sepulchre."

It was against these visits that Dunglass and I used to lay a bait for him. We used to leave a book carelessly on the table : sometimes a book which was meant to please, and sometimes a book which was meant to annoy,

to provoke, to stimulate comment. It might be a new book by Stevenson : it was once *The Master of Ballantrae*. My tutor would take it up and emit one sharp, decisive comment.

"He's never written anything better in his life than that duel in the snow."

Or else : "I cannot swallow *Secundra Dass*."

Then he would go down the passage saying over and over again :

Nigger, nigger never die,
Black face and shining eye.

Nobody was ever better at not standing any nonsense or could deal better with subtle impertinence.

"I see," he used to say to the would-be impertinent, "you are trying it on. Let me tell you that I should think no more of giving you the sack from this house than of squashing a fly upon a window-pane."

Our Dame, the Matron of the house, was called Miss Copeman. She was very High Church, and she was distressed by Queen Victoria's small sympathy with the Ritualists.

"I do wish," she would say, "that the Queen would not *always* choose a Friday in Lent for the Command Theatrical Performances at Windsor." And when someone gave a new Altar cloth to the new Lower Chapel which was terra-cotta in colour, she said to my Tutor that it was not an ecclesiastical colour. Upon which, to her stupefaction, my Tutor said : "What in Heaven's name *is* an ecclesiastical colour ?" And Miss Copeman confided to some of the boys that Durnford had not known what was an ecclesiastical colour. Upon which the boys said : "But, Ma'am, what *is* an ecclesiastical colour ?"

The chief bone of contention between my Tutor and Miss Copeman was a dish called haricot mutton, which he said appeared too often on the menu. But on this point Miss Copeman triumphed, and every time haricot mutton appeared my Tutor used to raise his eyes to Heaven and say : "I declare she does it on purpose."

My Tutor always took the part of his boys and defended their cause if it could by any possible means be reasonably defended. He defended me successfully in the case of the carving on Mr. Cockshott's table, in spite of reams of notes from Mr. Cockshott : but he couldn't defend me against Mr. Ploetz, to whom I had been frankly insolent, and, although my Tutor sympathised, I was complained of and got a white ticket.

The other great figures who were at Eton when I was a boy have been described often by abler pens : The Headmaster,

"Sailing in amply-billowing gown,
Enormous, through the sacred town,"

and arriving in the Division schoolrooms like a solid whirlwind, with Eton in his heart, and Horace on his lips, and triremes on his mind. The Lower Master, Mr. Austen-Leigh, smelling the rose in his buttonhole, as he walked up the aisle into Chapel, with his bird-like eye and his peculiar

reed-like voice, as of some curious oboe, which gave such peculiar value to his sayings, which were quoted and mimicked throughout school ; for instance, his having said to a colleague in the holidays, who had caught a nice trout : " Whenever I catch a fish of that size, Edward, I (*tempo rubato*) *invariably* return it to the water ! " or to Arthur Benson after reading his book of poems : " I did not know, Arthur, that you were such a sad man."

Then there was the Provost, remote and aloof from us, who preached such dull sermons in such faultless English, but who made such witty after-dinner speeches. At a dinner which was given to Lord Rosebery, Lord Curzon, Lord Minto and Bishop Weldon at the Café Monico on October, 1898, when the Lords Curzon and Minto were on the eve, the one of being Viceroy of India and the other Governor-General of Canada, the Provost in his speech said it had been claimed by the masters of the old school that they had unconsciously instilled (he paused slightly) into their *unconscious* pupils all the necessary aptitudes for success in any walk of life : in statesmanship (and he looked at Lord Rosebery and Lord Curzon), and then (with a glance at Mr. A. J. Balfour) " or in golf or in metaphysics." Then there was the Vice-Provost, with his silvery hair and his serene voice and absent-minded eyes, who seemed not to listen but who never missed a point if there was a point, who suddenly said the pat word which applied to what had been said a little time before ; but he belonged to my grown-up life rather than to my Eton life, although I went on his water-parties sometimes as a boy and had supper at Old Holland House, where we listened to him talking across the table to Mrs. Cornish, that wonderful personality about whom much has been written, but who will always escape the brush, and the pens of writers of biography and fiction : she lives in her daughter's book, *A Nineteenth-Century Childhood*.

Afterwards, her friendship was to be one of the most precious assets of my life ; but at that time at Eton as a boy I was, like most other boys, disconcerted and a little frightened of her, especially as she was known to be severe to boys who were in danger of being suspected of anything priggish, whereas she always treated athletes as if they were finished scholars. I see her at the end of the table at which there were some members of her family, round her one of the masters and some boys, her eye alert and piercing, suddenly saying, about five minutes after some book about Holman Hunt had been mentioned, and the actual topic being the Eton Exhibition, " The Pre-Raphaelite Movement is like the Spring " : and one wondered what exactly she meant until a little later, still following her train of thought, she added to herself : " One is never tired even of its being written about." The Vice-Provost, who did not appear to be listening, said nothing : and then someone (the master) said that we had heard enough about Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, *Robert Ellesmere*, which was then a best seller, whereupon the Vice-Provost said : " One grows tired of anyone who *makes notes* on the Spring," and then, a little later, " Mrs. Humphry Ward has a feeling for nature . . . with a note book."

" How unlike Tennyson and St. Francis," says Mrs. Cornish, and then, helping a boy to some jelly, she says to him : " How sensible of you to be a

dry bob." The boy in question was striving to get into the Lower Boats. But an appropriate and logical train of thought was certainly there could one have known it, and probably had something to do with his rowing that day during the water-party.

Then there was Arthur Benson, the most natural and unconventionally-minded of all the masters, incapable of saying anything he did not think, and never giving the impression of being paradoxical ; sympathetic, too, with the boys, encouraging their aspirations, quiet, firm and friendly, like a large St. Bernard, explaining to the boys that he was incapable of appreciating the great Classics, but would be delighted if they could, and stimulating them to read anything they enjoyed.

And then there was Mr. Frank Tarver, who taught French, who claimed to have come to Eton at the age of six and to have walked with a top hat on when he arrived under the barrier in front of the schoolyard : commenting upon which reminiscence I heard my Tutor say, " I think Mr. Tarver must have been romancing." Silver-haired and suave in manner, he fluted French idioms to you : " Isabelle, dun-coloured of a horse and also a kind of salad." And as he said the words " a kind of salad " his voice had the wistful, satisfied, reminiscent accent of a polished and slightly weary epicure. But if a boy were troublesome and obstinate nobody could be more formidable, and he could throw a drawer from a writing table on to the floor in an explosion of temper so effectively that the onlookers quaked ; and woe to the boys who translated *encore* by the word *again*—you had to say *de nouveau*. "*Encore*," he would say, "*never* means *again*." There were some characters so desperate as to translate *encore* by *again* on purpose.

Then there was Mr. Luxmore, walking like Dante in his paradise of flowers, his face clear cut and austere as Dante's, his eyes full of enthusiasm, wincing when you made a false quantity, and quoting Ruskin, and telling you about the glorious music at Berlin, or the name of a rock plant, with a sharp intake of breath.

And there were others.

It has always seemed to me that boys who enjoyed the friendship of these masters, and the others whom I have not mentioned, and who still live, if they do not teach at Eton, cannot complain of being without any aids towards self-education.

Eton teaches those who teach themselves, and if those who were nearly acquainted with the Vice-Provost, Mr. Luxmore, Mr. Lyttelton, Mr. Benson, Mr. Broadbent and Mr. Vaughan, say they learnt nothing, the fault, I cannot help thinking, must have been their own.

There were some masters, of course, who were just ragged. Some of these did not stay ; and I was once up to a new Mathematical master who enjoyed lack of authority for one half only. He arrived completely innocent and believed everything the boys told him. They told him a great deal.

There was a Mr. Bouchier, who was ragged to the extent of mice being

brought into school ; and he left Eton to govern Bulgaria and the Near East, where he became a national hero. The Bulgarians did not rag him, but he ragged them ; and it was difficult to get anything done at Sofia without his intervention. Then there was Mr. Inge, who was not ragged, and afterwards became Dean of St. Paul's ; and Mr. Mozley, who taught mathematics, and who was severely ragged, but who answered back with a hail of punishments. We survived, and he was less ragged by the boys than he once was by Lord Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, with whom he went for a walk in the Isle of Wight, and who, upon poor, meek Mr. Mozley making a remark upon the weather, said : " I don't know who you are and I can't hear what you say."

So much for culture, education and those who imparted it. I must not forget the School Library, where lessons were prepared with the aid of authorised translations in verse, and steeplechases were run over the tables, to the annoyance to the Librarian, Mr. Burcher.

But the most important part of Eton life, for those who were bad at games as well as for those who excelled, happened out of doors.

The excitement of the House Cup was intense, whether one was playing or not ; and the river, whether one was in the Boats or not, was surely as pleasant a dreaming place as can be found anywhere in the world, when the loosestrife was out and you bathed at Boveney Weir or at Athens and rowed to Surley and back,

Skirting past the rushes,
Ruffling o'er the weeds.

And perhaps the most enjoyable of all moments at Eton was tea-time—Winter teas, after football, with boiled eggs, or Summer teas at Rowland's or Little Brown's, with new potatoes and asparagus, ending up with a strawberry mess.

But the meal of meals was the hot, baked, buttered bun with coffee before early school, at Little Brown's, in the morning, if one had the strength of mind to get up in time for it. The bun was baked, not toasted, and had a huge wad of butter in it. One never had quite enough time to enjoy it properly ; one always said to oneself one would come a little earlier next time. One never did. It was, therefore, an epitome of the highest felicities which this earth can offer. I do not know whether the school sockshop still provides such buns ; if it does not, there may be something to be said for Winchester and Rugby : but not for Harrow.

A BOOK FROM DONNE'S LIBRARY

By JOHN SPARROW

AMONG the eight thousand volumes which, after Selden's death, were transferred from his library to the Bodleian,* where they are now kept together in the "Selden End," are a dozen or so which bear the autograph of John Donne. It seems probable that Selden, who was not likely to let pass unnoticed the sale of any large collection of books, bought them at the dispersal of Donne's library after his death in 1631.

Donne's habit seems to have been almost invariable : he would make no notes, rarely even any marks, in the books that he read† but he would write at the foot of the title-page, "J : Donne" and at the head the motto, "Per Rachel ho seruito et non per Lea" : "I have served for Rachel and not for Leah." Why Donne chose this motto is a problem of which his biographer would be pleased to know the solution.

This generalization is made from the thirty odd volumes from Donne's library which are known to exist.‡ Those in the Selden End resemble the previously known books from Donne's collection in these respects : they are mostly books of theological controversy, whose only marks of Donne's ownership are the motto and the signature on the title-page.§ There are three exceptions : the books which bear the shelf-marks 8° D 19 Art. Seld., 8° C 8 Art. Seld., and 8° E 4 Art. Seld. are more interesting, the first two for their matter, the last for the marks which Donne has left upon it.

The first is a book which is markedly different from its surviving companions from Donne's library—such as Arnisaeus' *de Subiectione Clericorum*, Beza's *Tractatio de Polygamia*, Comitulus' *Responsa Moralia*, Wintzler's *Observationes de Contributione Imperii* and Windeck's *de Theologia Iure consultorum* ; it is Dante's *L'Amoroso Convivio*, in a small octavo edition printed at Vinegia by Marchio Sessa in 1531. Donne wrote his name on the title-page, and (unwilling, presumably, to spoil the decorative pattern which occupies almost all the page) his motto on the leaf which

* For the circumstances in which this transference took place, see Macray's *Annals of the Bodleian*, pp. 77 sqq.

† To this generalization there are exceptions : a collection of tracts offered for sale by Messrs. Pickering & Chatto in 1902 (see Keynes, *Bibliography of Donne*, nos. 155-164) was said to contain "Donne's signatures and numerous references in his autograph," and according to Walton, Donne was able, about 1593, to show to the Dean of Gloucester "all [Bellarmine's] works marked with many weighty observations under his own hand."

‡ The number given in the first edition of Keynes' *Bibliography* (Appendix III) will be substantially increased in the second edition, which is now in the press.

§ As far as can be judged from those volumes which have not been re-bound, limp vellum seems to have been Donne's ordinary choice for the binding of his books. Three of the Donne books now in the Selden End were clearly bound at the same time, since all have parts of the same MS. used as end-papers (4° A 9 Jur. Seld. and 8° W 1 Jur. Seld.—both printed at Strasburg in 1612—and 8° M 75 Art. Seld.).

faces it ;* but he has left no other trace of his having owned the book, and all that can be gathered from it is what is already known—that Donne in his youth was a reader of the works of Dante.†

The second volume is a Greek word-book, phrase-book and grammar, with the title Ἑλληνισμός by Argelus Caninius, published at London in 1613. Assuming that Donne bought the book soon after its publication, its presence in his library suggests the interesting hypothesis that Donne undertook a course of Greek as part of the preparatory study which engaged him during the years immediately before he took orders in 1615. In any case, the fact that Donne bought an elementary book of this sort as late as 1613 is proof that the noticeable rarity of Greek quotations in his work (his knowledge of Aristotle seems to have been mainly derived from translations) was due to a fundamentally imperfect acquaintance with the language.

The third book is a small duodecimo volume of Latin poems, entitled *Epigrammata et Poemata Vetera*, edited by the French scholar P. Pithou, and printed at Paris in 1590.‡ The book is of some importance to the scholar, for in it one or two poems of late Latin authors were printed for the first time. It is divided into two parts, separately paged. The first (191 pp.) contains four books of miscellaneous epigrams, chiefly by classical authors, the second (491 pp.) is a collection of longer poems—e.g. the *Culex*, the *Moretum*, the *Ciris*, the *Aetna*, the Eclogues of Calpurnius, the Elegies of Maximian, Rutilius' *Itinerarium*, Sammonicus' *de Medicina*, Avienus' works, and the *Cynegetica* of Gratius Faliscus.

In this volume besides writing his name and motto§ on the title-page, Donne has made a number of marks in the margins of the text, and there are several notes in a hand unmistakably his. Slight though these notes are, and though most of the marks are trivial and many are ambiguous, their comparative frequency may indicate the poems to which he paid most attention. It would be foolish to build much on so slender a foundation (particularly since the absence of a mark from a book seems to be no indication that Donne had not read it), but a little may be gathered from them, and such a direct light upon Donne's reading deserves not to be neglected.

In the first book of Epigrams Donne has fairly often put a mark against a poem or a line ;|| most of the marked lines occur in a series of moral sentiments on pp. 9-24 ; among them are the following :

* It was presumably Donne who deleted the words "Di Thomaso Langtono egli amici" and "Di Tomaso Langtono" on the title-page.

† See Mrs. Simpson, *A Study of the Prose Works of John Donne*, p. 297.

‡ Reprinted at Lyons, in 1596 and 1599 and at Geneva in 1629.

§ Under which Selden has written his motto : περί πατρός τήν ἐλευθερίαν.

|| That all the marks are by the same hand seems pretty clear, though it looks as if some had been made at a different reading from others. The mark is usually either a dash or a dot against a line, sometimes so casual that it is difficult to know if it is intended to be significant. The pages on which marks occur in the first book of Epigrams are the following : 2, 5(†), 14-25, 29, 31-34, 43, 44.

Homo totiens moritur, quotiens amittit suos (p. 17).

Nihil agere semper infelici est optimum (p. 20).

Numquam periculum sine periculo vincitur (p. 20).

Sperne mores transmarinos, mille habeat officias (p. 22).

Here is material for the imaginative biographer : when Donne marked the first line he was suffering (as his letters of the period reveal) from the loss of his friends in the war in Ireland in 1598-1600 : he may well have adopted the second as a plaint, during that busy occupation under Egerton which gave him no leisure to alleviate this grief ; the *pericula* of the third monostich might be interpreted as referring either to the dangerous plight of Essex's followers or to the risks Donne ran in the amorous intrigues described in his love elegies. And the fourth line quite clearly served him as a sigh of disgust on his return from his travels abroad.

History, unfortunately, cannot be written quite as easily as this. A mere mark in a book does not tell us whether it was made at a first, a second, or a subsequent reading ; whether it was made idly or with consideration ; whether it was meant to express interest, admiration, agreement, disgust ; the attempt to connect the matter to which attention is drawn with the experience of the annotator, or to reconstruct that experience from it, will rarely be made by anyone who has reflected for a little on the variety and caprice with which the mind works and expresses itself in unguarded moments. On one occasion, however, Donne has not been content with a line or dot to mark his interest in the text : against the couplet (on p. 25)

Femina nulla bona est ; vel si bona contigit ulla,
Nescio quo fato res mala facta bona est.

he has written the letters " L : M." What they stand for may never be known, but it is not impossible that they were the initials of someone whom he knew well. In the second, third, and fourth books of epigrams, which complete the first part of the collection, hardly any marks, and none of interest, are to be found ; for the sake of completeness the passages to which Donne has called attention are recorded in a note.*

The second part of the book contains some of the minor classics of Latin poetry, and it is interesting to see to which of these Donne appears to have paid most attention. Whether he read the minor works which go to make up the Virgilian *Appendix*—the *Ciris*, the *Culex*, the *Moretum*—or the Eclogues of Calpurnius, or the other " Poematia " in the collection, we cannot be sure : he has left no traces of any time spent upon them.† But at p. 215 we come upon a poem to which Donne seems to have devoted considerable attention, the *Panegyricus* of Optatianus Porfyrius.‡ That this poem should have appealed especially to Donne indicates in him a not

* pp. 120(?), 156 (against the distich *De Asino qui Aeneidem dentibus discerpsit*), 160, 187 (against Avienus lines *Ad amicos de agro*, 191 (against a distich *De Ebrioso*).

† Except that marks occur on pp. 57, 67(?), 72, and a line is underlined on p. 114.

‡ This was the poem's first appearance in print. The best edition of the *Panegyricus* is Mueller's (Leipzig 1877), with a full introduction and notes.

altogether unexpected turn of mind. Porfyrius was exiled by Constantine, and it was this *Panegyricus*, addressed to the Emperor, which won him his liberty. Some idea of what his poems are like may be gathered from the fact that he took Dosiadas for his model and himself served as an example for Hrabanus Maurus.

Porfyrius' *Panegyricus* is a series of poems written under various elaborate and strictly observed conditions : each line must have the same number of letters, or the number of letters in consecutive lines must decrease by one : the first letters, last letters and middle letters of each line must make up a verse in praise of the Trinity, or of the Emperor ; letters composing such verses must form the diagonals of the pattern, or must be so arranged in the pattern as to pick out the outline of a ship, a cross, an altar, or some merely decorative device. Each word in a line must contain two, three, four, five syllables ; a line must contain every part of speech ; a line must contain a noun in every case which declension, or a verb in every person or every mood which conjugation, allows. Such were the lucubrations with which Porfyrius amused his leisure and conciliated the Emperor.*

Donne, in the text of Porfyrius contained in Pithou's collection, went to the trouble of working out the patterns in most of these poems, and since the typography of Pithou's edition does not, by heavy type or rubrication or any other means, give an indication of the letters which constitute the patterns, and which when read consecutively form the acrostical or mesostichal verses, he has indicated these letters by marking them in the text and has elucidated the patterns by careful and complicated diagrams in the margin. The labour involved in this (particularly since the volume is a duodecimo, of which the type is small and the margins are narrow) must have been considerable, but Donne's interest did not flag, and patterns and notes occur on pp. 216-9, 221-8,† 231, 234, 238, 244.

Closer examination of Donne's notes on the *Panegyricus* enable us to date, a little more precisely than would otherwise be possible, the time at which these notes were written.

At line 26 on page 217 Donne suggests that *ius* should be *laus*, an alteration which entails reading *disponas* for *disponis* in one of the mesostichal verses, a change which he has made where that verse is quoted on p. 216.

On p. 226 he points out that, reading diagonally from the bottom left-hand to the top right-hand corner of the verses on the opposite page, we find "hic pentameter [:] scripta micat resonans nominibus domini," a fact which Pithou did not mention.

On p. 228, in explanation of the verses on the opposite page, he has written "inseruntur rami arbori o[mn]i nona linea. Ipse truncus currit p[er] media[m] litera[m] a prima linea ad ultima[m] et est litera 19^a."

* For a discussion of Porfyrius and the acrostic and similar writers, see an article by Boissonade in the *Journal des Débats* for 1806.

On p. 230 he corrected an obvious misprint.

On p. 229 Donne has filled in a blank left in the text, not with the emendation suggested by Pithou in his note (*iustos audax*) but with the words *iussos audax*. On p. 231 he has inserted *tum* before *mundi* instead of inserting *tu* after it, as is suggested in Pithou's note. Against line 10 on p. 237 he has written "Haec linea fallit."

These notes are not, as might be supposed, proofs of the excellence of Donne's classical scholarship, but they are further proofs of the minuteness with which he studied the *Panegyricus*. In 1595 appeared another edition of Porfyrius' poem, edited by Paul Velsler, from a fuller and better manuscript than that used by Pithou. The book was published at Augsburg in folio, and in a dignified *format*, the verses being printed in capital letters and the hidden lines being picked out by rubrication. All the emendations suggested by Donne are found in Velsler's text,* and the probability immediately suggests itself that Donne compared the two texts and copied the superior readings from Velsler into the margin of Pithou, and that the detection of the hidden verses and patterns which he reveals on pp. 226 and 228 results from his having seen the clear rubrication of Velsler. This probability is converted into a certainty by the following observations:—(1) the line on p. 237 which he calls defective, though it is perfect in Pithou's text, is given in a hopelessly mutilated form by Velsler; (2) on p. 246, where Porfyrius' verses come to an end, Donne appends the note "Altera editio h[abe]t Aram, fistulam, Nomen Jesus in Naui, et haec" followed by two diagrams (referred to by *haec*). In Velsler's edition are included several poems omitted by Pithou, and it is to these that Donne refers: one of them (II in Velsler) is called *Ara*, the mesostichal lines in another (IV) represent the Chi Rho monogram over the figure of a ship, XII is described as a *fistula*, and the patterns picked out in XVIII and XIX are those sketched by Donne in the diagrams which he refers to by *haec*.

These observations prove that Donne, some time after the publication of Velsler's edition of Porfyrius in 1595, had a copy of that edition in his hands, and was sufficiently interested in the poem to compare the two versions and transcribe the results of his studying one edition into his copy of another. We can therefore say definitely that 1595 is a *terminus post quem* for the date of this portion of his notes, though it would† be rash to date the other notes in the volume by the same test.

* Except one, that on p. 231, and there Donne's suggestion probably results from his having read Velsler's TUMUNDI as TUMMUNDI.

† There is no need to assume any long interval between the publication of Velsler's edition and Donne's use of it: in the very next year (1596) Commelin published at Heidelberg a volume of Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, and Simmias, to which he appended a reprint of the notes by Scaliger and Casaubon. At the end of Scaliger's emendations he reproduced two of the poems from Velsler's edition of the year before, with the following propitiatory note: "Ne pagellae aliquot hic nobis vacuae essent, visum est ab instituto nostro minimo alienum [Simmias' poems contain an *Ara*, a *Syrinx*, etc.], si Publilii Optatiani poetae ingeniosissimi poematia duo Latina subiungerem, Syringa et Aram, vti a Paulo Velsero Patricio Augustano descripta sunt." The verses which are thus used simply to fill a blank leaf at the end of the volume were copied from Velsler's edition which had appeared a year, or less, before. Donne might well have had a copy in his hands in 1595 or 1596.

In the rest of the text there are no notes of interest,* till we reach the Elegies of Maximian. These poems are interesting because they are more like Donne's love Elegies than any other classical poems, except perhaps some things in Ovid, and some of the Elegies of Propertius: they are straightforward and circumstantial accounts of adventures in love. Their tone and manner resemble the tone and manner of Donne's love poems: they do not lack humour, and they are written at once with warmth and with a certain detachment. As in Donne's Elegies, the reader is sure that an experience something like that described in the poem is its foundation; but how far the poem is an accurate account of the author's experience it is impossible to say. In one way Maximian's Elegies differ from Donne's love-poetry: they are written (ostensibly at least) by an old man, and a good deal of the writer's time is spent in deploring his age and describing the humiliating situations in which it places him.

Maximian may possibly have provided a model for the form of Donne's Elegies, though even there the relation is probably that of fortuitous resemblance, that he should have suggested their matter is from every point of view improbable, and the markings that Donne has made against lines of the text could only once be interpreted as referring to the incidents described. In his third Elegy Maximian tells how, as a young man, he first fell in love:

Captus amore tuo demens, Aquilina, ferebar
Pallidus et tristis, captus amore tuo.

Aquilina was equally distraught, but both she and Maximian were under supervision:

Me pedagogus habet, illam tristissima mater
Seruabat—

the tutor and the mother were on the watch, and the lovers had to conceal their passions:

Uotum tacite compressimus ambo
Et uaria dulces teximus arte dolos.

But it would not do:

Mox captare locos et tempora coepimus ambo
Atque superciliis luminibusque loqui,
Fallere sollicitos, suspensos ponere gressus
Et muta nullo currere nocte sono.

*. On pp. 298, 302, 309 Donne has apparently been perplexed by difficulties in the text of Festus Avienus' *Ora Maritima*. It is unlikely that he saw any other edition of this poem; the *editio princeps* of 1488 was the only other edition published before his death, and its text lends no colour to his suggestions—one of which (*invicem* at line 340) is unmetrical, the other (a parenthesis at lines 676-9) seems to be correct and has been adopted in the modern text of the poem. There are no further marks till the *Itinerarium* of Rutilius, where there are underlinings on pp. 340-2, 344, 346, 360-1. The next marks are appended to some of the three-line *Aenigmata* of Caelius Symphosius (pp. 405-11).

In all this there is an obvious resemblance to Donne's fourth and twelfth Elegies, where very similar incidents are described. In the former Donne's mistress is under the strict supervision of a tyrannical father and mother, and Donne's visits to her have to be conducted with stealth :

I taught my silkes, their whistling to forbear,
Even my opprest shoes, dumbe and speechlesse were—

in the latter it is a husband whose eyes they have had to avoid :

Have we not kept our guards, like spie on spie ?
Had correspondence whilst the foe stood by ?
Stoln (more to sweeten them) our many blisses
Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses ?
Shadow'd with negligence our most respects ?
Varied our language through all dialects
Of becks, winks, looks, and often under-boards
Spok dialogues with our feet far from our words ?

In Maximian's poem the girl's secret is discovered by her mother, who punishes her with a beating which only increases her love. The lines in which this is described (and which do not resemble anything in either of Donne's poems) are the first to be marked by him :

Nec longum : genitrix furtium sensit amorem ;
Et medicare parat uulnera uulneribus :
Increpitat caeditque : fouentur caedibus ignes,
Vt solet adiecto crescere flamma rogo.

A little later Maximian describes how Aquilina felt herself still more closely bound to him by that she had suffered on his behalf :

Tunc me uisceribus per totum quaerit anhelis,
Emptum suppliciis quem putat esse suis

Donne has marked the second line, but it is the first which seems to supply a parallel to his work ; the phrase *uisceribus anhelis* may well explain a line immediately succeeding those already quoted from his twelfth Elegy, which has puzzled his editors :

Yea, thy pale *inwards*, and thy *panting* heart.

From this point onwards the stories told in the two poems diverge. Donne simply swears that, though discovery has forced him and his love to part, he will remain faithful to her. Maximian describes how his friend Boethius, concerned at his depression, extracted from him the secret of his love, and urged him to indulge his passion to the full :

Fac ait ut placitae potiaris munere forma

but Maximian was unwilling, he was " *pious* " :

Respondi " pietas talia uelle fugit."

Boethius laughed at him, and by bribing Aquilina's parents persuaded them to allow Maximian as much liberty with Aquilina as he chose. Immediately, the charm was broken, and Maximian's passion died :

Permissum fit vile nefas, fit languidus ardor—

Aquilina, "nihil quaesita uidens procedere", departed, "illaeso corpore"; Maximian realized how abject he had been—*quam miser ante fui*—and congratulated himself, in the name of Virginitas, on the failure of his passion. The last lines of the poem describe the parting of the disillusioned lovers :

Ingrati, tristes pariter discessimus ambo :
Discidii ratio vita pudica fuit.

The only lines which Donne has marked in this second half of the poem are a couplet describing how Boethius bribed Aquilina's parents (lines 73-4) and the following lines in which Boethius laughs at Maximian's protestation of the chastity of his love :

Castus amor Veneris dicito quando fuit ?
Parcere dilectae iuvenis desiste puellae :
Impius huic fueris, si pius esse uelis.

This is in Donne's characteristic cynic vein—the vein in which he said :

Whoever loves, if he do not propose
The right true end of love, he's one that goes
To sea for nothing but to make him sick.

But Donne is just as likely here and throughout this poem, to have been marking his approval, or even noting parallels to what he had already written, as to have been directing his own attention to passages which were to serve him as material for future use.

In none of the other Elegies do Donne's marks suggest a reference to subject matter, nor does the subject matter of any of them recall anything in Donne. He seems rather to have made a note of lines in which the neatness or point of the expression attracted his attention : but their neatness does not much resemble his own ingenuity. Of the whole number* the following may serve as specimens :

Estque omni peius funere, uelle mori (I. 8)

of the old man :

Laudat praeteritos, praesentes despicit annos :
Hoc tantum rectum, quod sapit ipse, putat . . .
O sola fortes garrulitate senes ! (I. 197-8, 204)
Vt uideo, pulcris etiam uos parcitis, anni. (II. 31)
Et peccare senem non potuisse pudet (II. 52)

and (perhaps Donne appreciated its extraordinary effect), the cry of Maximian's disappointed lover :

nescis, ut cerno, perfide, nescis :
Non fleo priuatum, sed generale chaos !

* Elegy I, lines 8, 43, 177-180 (underlined), 197-200 (underlined), 204 (underlined), 209-10 (underlined) ; II, lines 8, 31, 57-8, 62, 66, 67-8, 70 ; III v. *supr.* ; IV, line 52 ; V, lines 11, 28, 39, 40, 47-8, 63 ; 77-8, 79-80, 104, 109-10, 147-8, 154 ; VI, line 4.

After those on Maximian's Elegies, Donne's notes lose interest,* and we must turn back to the beginning of the volume.

Besides the notes and marks in the text which have been described, there appear on the blank leaf preceding the title-page, Donne's signature and the following notes :

Roder. Carus in Antiqq. Hisp.

Marianus in Hisp.

Marius Aretius

Florianus

Damianus a Goes

Ant Beuterus

These notes, it is clear, were jotted down hurriedly and carelessly, and the identity of the hand in which they are written with Donne's, though in the end unmistakable, is not immediately obvious. And that Donne wrote the notes is confirmed by their import. None of the writers named is likely to be familiar to the modern reader except the second : Mariana was a Jesuit whose *De rege et regis institutione* (Toledo 1599) is of some importance to the political theorist. He published a history of Spain† in twenty books at Toledo in 1592 (folio) ; in 1605 it was reprinted (Mainz, 4°) with ten further books, and it appeared, with notes and additions by others, frequently in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It is evidently to this work that Donne refers. His reference to "Marius Aretius," as is equally clear, is to the *Hispaniae Chronographia* of Claudio Mario Arezzo, a dialogue, "in quo Hispania describitur cum recentioribus nominibus," first published, with other of his writings, at Augsburg in 1530 (8°), then at Basle in 1554, and again among *Rerum Hispanicarum Scriptores Aliquot* in 1579 (Frankfurt, folio).‡

Of the various writers who come to mind at the mention of the name Florianus, he who suits best the company in which the name here occurs is Florian D'Ocampo,§ who, after editing the *Cronica General* originally

* The remaining notes and marks are the following : on p. 447 is printed a *Fabula Pasi-phaes*, each line of which is in a metre used in Horace's *Odes*, Donne's note "nullus Iambus purus" points out that there is no example of the pure Iambic line ; on page 451 Donne has drawn a line in the margin against three verses from Severus' *Carmen Eudeleichi Rhetoris de mortibus boum* which describe the efficacy of the sign of the cross in curing diseases of cattle ; on p. 453 he has marked several lines from Vespa's *Iudicium Coci et Pistoris*, and he has apparently written the word "Mart." against a line ("Lasciua est nobis pagina, uita proba") attributed, in the addenda which occupy pp. 481-491, to Pliny.

† In Latin, as are all the books referred to in this list, unless otherwise specified.

‡ Both these works of Mariana and Marius Aretius, were included (together with various works of Damianus a Goes), in *Hispaniae Illustrata*, a large collection of writings on Spanish geography and history undertaken by Andreas Schottius of Antwerp (4 vols. folio, Frankfurt 1603-8).

§ Another, not impossible, candidate is the Florianus whose account of "Sarmatia Polonia : Hungaria : vtraque Valachia : Turcia : Tartaria : Moscouia : Lituania," (1528. is mentioned at p. 416 of Spachius's *Nomenclator Philosophorum*, etc. (Argentinae, 1598)

compiled by the order of Alfonso the Learned, published his own *Cronica General de Espana* at Zamora in 1544.*

Damianus a Goes was a native of Portugal who published much on history and ethnology, especially that of the East; and also chronicles of Spanish history, and a defence of Spain against Sebastian Munster (Louvain 1542), to which Donne here probably makes especial reference. Antonius Beuterus wrote a *Coronica General de Toda Espanay especialmente del Regno de Valencia*, of which the first part was published in Spanish, at Valencia in 1547.†

All these names it will be noticed, belong to writers who published, during the sixteenth century, works on the history of Spain. The list certainly gives the impression that it consists of notes for reading, and if Donne needed when he wrote it to remind himself of all the names in question, it may suggest that it was made when his Spanish studies had not far progressed. More than this it would be rash to say. The dates of publication of the books referred to give no help; their names may have been written on the fly-leaf by Donne before or after his other notes in the volume, and they may have been written before, during, or after Donne's travels in Spain—so that even if other means enabled us to date the notes or to fix the still uncertain date of the travels, neither piece of information would help the solution of the related problem. All that is certain is that we have in these rough jottings vivid and certain evidence of the depth of Donne's early interest in Spanish affairs.

* In four books: expanded to five, 1553; continued to 17 books by Ambrosio de Morales, 1574-77, reprinted (by Morales) in 1578, and again in the eighteenth century.

† The book originally written in the Valencian tongue, and was published at Valencia in 1538 (hence, presumably, the reference in Zeiller's *Historia Chronologia*, etc. (Ulm 1652) Pt. II, p. 175. "Antonius Beuter Chronicon Generale Hispaniae, et regni Valentiae sua lingua scripsit"). An Italian translation appeared at Vinegia in 1556. The second part was published separately, at Valencia in 1551, and with the first, at Valencia in 1604 (folio). At the time of writing, I have not been able to identify "Rodericus Carus" among the many Roderiguez who wrote on the history of Spain.

THE NINE MUSES

VII. Euterpe, or The Muse of Lyric Poetry

By THOMAS DERRICK.











TD

MEDITATION ON AN ANTHOLOGY

By ALAN PRYCE-JONES

MR. LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE has lately* had the fortunate idea of reviving an eighteenth-century practice by the collection of a number of contemporary and unpublished poems. Had Mr. Abercrombie only had a catholic taste the collection might have been as fortunate as the idea, but no : he has contented himself with safety, possibly thinking to advertise poetry thereby, with the result that the operative word in the title of his collection is "English," and that the collection itself is certainly not new, and not always of poetry.

Probably he was attempting the impossible. Poetry is not easily pinned down to novelty ; that is : Augustan poetry, say, can be collected more easily than contemporary poetry, not because of the obviously clearer perspective we have of the dead, but because we can afford to be superior towards the dead. We can marshal them, be sophisticated about them, enjoy them for whatever reason we like, whereas contemporary poetry forces us to recognize our own age. We are driven to recognise the exact emotion the author intended to convey, instead of supplying him with personal pretexts. Therefore Mr. Abercrombie, who is himself a poet more safe than exploring, has naturally not been able to watch objectively the work of the Sitwells, Mr. Eliot, Mr. Quennell, and a number of younger men, none of whom is represented herein.

This is inevitable, for a reason given by Proust : " If art is long and life is short one can say on the other hand, that if inspiration is short, the sentiments it has to express are not much longer." Only the very greatest can extol in art the whole compass of their lifetime ; and those, like Goethe, are more likely to be the dictators than the disciples of the common and shifting ground of thought out of which their art springs. Most, like Mr. Abercrombie, have a year or two in which they can hit off the need of the times, and then their art suddenly becomes lifeless—an art hanging on to newer things like an ancient motor-car being towed to its garage.

This rather rude metaphor is not meant to be a disparaging one. For a poet not to be stuck for ever at one point in his development demands a sensibility, a power of disentangling the almost perpetually changing rhythms of a lifetime, far above mere talent ; which is why I maintain that the control of speed in poetry is the only test of poetical merit—the timed discovery of a poem to its reader. If the discovery is too quick, we have the bathos of the worse *Poems and Ballads* ; if too slow, the obscurity of Mr. Eliot. Genius, by whatever means, by means however fantastic—

* *New English Poems*. By Lascelles Abercrombie. Gollancz. 6s.

Valéry's *Cimetière marin*, for instance—controls the discovery perfectly, so that once the poem is apparently complete in the mind of the reader, it yet sends out radiant circles to disturb and enchant him, as though it had been thrown neatly into his mind.

Then the poet of genius dies, new poetic provinces are colonised, and what is recognised in his work is evidently not what he put into it, but something it has acquired with the passage of time, so that it is almost true that the study of contemporary, and the study of old, poetry are completely different because, good or bad, our contemporaries have got something which the greatest of the dead can never give us—a reaction, conscious or not, to the actual rhythm of our own lives.

This is obvious ; at another time it would scarcely be worth repeating ; but the rhythm of the life we know is so complex that Mr. Abercrombie could not have been given a chance of justifying his title, of collecting anything more definite than a number of bits lately discovered in a number of drawers. Perhaps it is pompous to ask an anthology to be anything more ; but in the best anthologies, such as Mr. Monro's *Twentieth Century Verse*, there is a real sense of direction. And the importance of that sense of direction is that it plants a signpost towards the interpretation of the more difficult poems, which is a better method than Mr. Abercrombie's : of not allowing any difficult poems.

Yet practically all the best verse now being written is difficult—by which I do not necessarily mean obscure. It is difficult in the sense of offering part only of an emotion, which the reader has to complete out of his own experience. Either he can or he cannot. The result may be that, of all poetry, our " new " English poetry will prove the most ephemeral. The experience, the " sentiments inspiration has to express " will be lost ; therefore the momentarily most vital part of our poetry may be stone dead in a generation, since it has very little " poetic " beauty of phrasing to keep it artificially alive.

This is almost another way of saying that the passion of modern poetry is its worst enemy. It aims at getting so far under the skin, of agonising the heart so fervently, that it is already reaching the most dangerous intimacy—an intimacy which depends not on personal results derived from the imagination of all men, but on some tiny, special peculiarity in one or two who alone are sensitive enough to be properly agonised. The poet is trying to make up in intenser action on a few chosen what he loses of a wide influence.

But when the change begins from the exact comprehension of what the living author means to convey, to the casual reading, under an emotion wholly supplied by some reader of a new generation, of what the author dead had written, I fear there will be very little meaning left in what means most to us here and now. Once our particular subtleties are no longer in the air, I imagine they will be as incomprehensible and as dry as the subtleties of *Euphues* are to us and, as clearly as they, a preparation for something better.

In poetry, as in every other science, we know too much. When it was possible to say "Love," and vaguely to mean some great luminous abstraction, something rather beautifully coming to earth in the shape of a maiden, or amusingly in a Restoration feathered hat, Love was a suitable subject for poetry.

I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy ;
For her feet have touch'd the meadows
And left the daisies rosy ;

is an example of one kind of poetic love, and :

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
Are labouring in my breast ;
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but slight the rest !
How great so'er your rigours are
With them alone I'll cope ;
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope ;

of the other.

In the country between these opposite boundaries the whole of love poetry lay until the fatally clear perception of certain French poets towards the end of the last century told them that real love was not in the least like poetic love. Out of the consequent dismay have come poets like H.D., but the reconciliation of love in life and love in art has been most unsuccessful, only because of both we know too much.

This is only one example of the bewilderment which has followed the widening of our knowledge of ourselves. Whether the poet wishes to write of love, or death, or the face of the world, the same difficulty arises, so that the most fruitful subject of modern poetry is none of these, but the actual subject of bewilderment, of incomprehension. It is the only easy capital the poet can still make out of his surroundings. If he insists on an old theme, look at the emptiness of the result—taken at random from Mr. Abercrombie's anthology :

How happy, love, were we
One season of the snow ;
Contented but to be,
We had no care to know.

Now cares of April flow
About the budding tree,
No further faith I owe,
And you again are free.

Pretty, if you like, but a box-room survival, and, at that, quite indistinguishable from about a hundred thousand poems pulled out of the poets' box-room any time in the last hundred years. It fails because it tries to

give itself entire, at a glance ; whereas, if we have learned a lesson common to life and to art in the last years, it is that nothing gives itself entire, nor at a glance. Not from the box room will come the Romantic revival so eagerly waited for. Poetry has been so well sterilised that plenty of dirt and germs will be needed to make it humane again ; and it will probably be extremely difficult for us to understand, because by that time the groundwork of experience will be extremely difficult to understand. Yet since clarity is relative the new Romantics no doubt will think us fools, just as the adventures of My Love and I in Spring seem foolish to us now.

To read the *New English Poems* you might suppose that the Romantic revival was well on the way. On every page questions are being asked Will he come back ? Can my heart break ? Will it ever be the same again ? How could I ? and statements made : Love is like a rose, Love is like a blackbird, Love is like a blank book.

Unfortunately these questions and statements are no longer romantic. They are as much a convention as the " finny tribes " of the eighteenth century. What is commonly called romantic has now really turned into a rigid classicism, with the difference that instead of a solid eighteenth century classical front to the world this petrified romanticism has nothing to offer but a sort of public library Gothic, laboriously copied and helped out with a little private fussiness.

That this should be so is a curious example of what so often occurs in second-rate literature. The essence of the poem quoted above, which happens to be by Mr. Drinkwater, could be found in any lyricist from L.E.L. onwards. Yet the same essence gets progressively more adulterated as the poem gets technically more accomplished ; what was a pretty little romance at the beginning becomes a shocking bore at the end. But when somebody like Mr. Housman gets hold of it—and the scheme of this poem can be found anywhere in *The Shropshire Lad*—a new essence suddenly gives it life. This is not because Mr. Housman is a " better " poet, but because he managed to quarry a private vein of Romanticism—a vein so small that even he can no longer work it, but one which had not been dug dry by other romantics.

The fate of this poem—written over so large a period—is common to most of the poems we know. For until lately there was never more than a score of English poems, which were the themes on which individual poets made their variations. The themes appear now finally to be dry, and any effort to replace them has not been particularly successful, except in purely rococo conceptions such as Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's.

Nevertheless, the main impulse of poetry being romantic, one Mr. Housman can always rout any number of classicists ; and, for the benefit of the rest the themes must be enlarged since they cannot be renewed ; therefore the important poets are not those who compare love to a rose, but those who compare love to what it is—which is more likely to be a pattern on the curtains, or the extraordinary shadows of a dying fire, or the glittering cylinder of a key. Now that we are beginning to learn about ourselves

we dare not repress our knowledge. At the moment it is too great for the old forms, too small for anything new, but we already know enough about ourselves to think poetic finicking a bore—whereas at all periods hitherto it has been thought rather charming.

I have already suggested that the study of contemporary, and the study of old, poetry are completely different. Certainly, some of the most enchanting poems in the language are finicking, but whether because to be serious-minded is a common denominator in all of us nowadays, or whether because despair is the most fashionable of emotions, finicking enchants no more. The most impressive modern manner is not a charming one but that among many of Mr. Bridges of *The Testament of Beauty*, Mr. Binyon of *The Sirens*, Mr. Eliot of *The Waste Land*.

This apparently incompatible list will stand together because each of them has written of what he knows intuitively to be true ; their triumph is that each is a flat contradiction of the others. But the ancient charmers are in no way impaired because we prefer harder stuff to their imitators. Byron need not turn in his grave because we refuse to be tickled by the, alas, sheep's clothing of Mr. Wolfe ; all that need be said is that ours is not the time to imitate him.

But as soon as this is written down the stupidity of being didactic about poetry becomes apparent. After all, Rossetti has said that poetry must be amusing, and nobody has ever been able to discover in it any other essential quality. Undoubtedly, a great deal of modern poetry amuses too self-consciously, due, perhaps, to the influence of Laforgue, of Cocteau, of Rilke—in a more solemn sense—and, probably most and most solemnly of all, of Proust ; for only since about 1880 has our developed literature been in close contact with the rest of Europe. And the consequence has been to exalt nervous poetry, which offers an immediate, if inexplicable, excitement. When Coleridge took opium he produced *Kubla Khan*, which means nothing at all ; when Cocteau takes opium he produces *Orphée*, which has a totally different kind of lack of meaning, not accountable to the difference of race and personality between Coleridge and himself. *Kubla Khan* is the product of an easy romanticism ; *Orphée*, of a romanticism tortured by the knowledge that it is romantic. When the French symbolists came to their first perfection in Mallarmé they were able to attach separate importance to the symbol. Now—for instance, Yeats's "horrible green parrots," or Valéry's "Jeune Parque"—the symbol has a wholly personal significance. Again too much knowledge has complicated the simple thing without providing a new language in which to express itself. But although the exact emotion of reading *La Jeune Parque* and the later Yeats is impossible to pin down, there is a definite pleasure in doing so—a hurried, muzzy pleasure. Like a finger running over Braille, the mind catches at the reliefs of the poem, and supplies its own material to fill the rest. Coleridge would have been horrified by this. Either a thing has a meaning, he would have said, or it has not. *Kubla Khan* is presumably meant to be taken at its face

meaning—that is, as an extravagance. But, were she to occur in *Orphée*, the maiden with the dulcimer would have some tremendous significance, not clearly perceived even by the author, but elastic enough to be re-interpreted by each reader, and therefore ever-fresh, until the nervousness of which *Orphée* is built goes out of the air, and all the interpretations are shut, like the symbols of the poem, behind their own mirrors.

The advantage is that, since each reader has to help the poet's creation, the impression left is so clear that it is impossible to say whether *Orphée* has been seen—it is in the form of a play—or merely read ; while *Kubla Khan* remains for ever the poet's own property, let out on lease. The disadvantage is that the effect is too contemporary ; the author dead can have no power to excite anybody at all. It is very unlikely that anybody will trouble to disentangle *La Jeune Parque* in fifty years time.

All the same, this imprecise excitement marks one of the chief kinds of the best “ new ” poetry, and Mr. Abercrombie has been very unwise to leave all examples of it out of his book. It is clear, from his extremely sensible introduction, that he is aware of this, so the explanation of this and the other omissions can only be that “ several poets, it was found to the Editor's keen regret, had nothing to contribute ; one or two were unwilling to do so ; with a few no communication could be established.” But because of this, it is impossible for Mr. Abercrombie to claim that his book gives a “ lively sense of contemporary activity.” It gives a rather desperate sense of toes being stuck into the ground, while exhausted pens aspire towards the dead swallows and the dead roses in the boxroom, and not towards what is alive, and in the air. In fact, most of these poems do not amuse ; and if Plato is right when he says that our greatest gifts come from madness, it may be significant that never was a body of poets more ominously sane.

This all goes to show how bad the arts usually are. It is one of the proofs of man's sincerity that whereas the average level of brutishness, or machinery, or applied knowledge, is very high, the average level of art is intolerable. All the provinces of life except art are tolerable at low pressure ; some, such as religion, are better at low pressure than at high. But the arts have no low pressure at all, or so little that there is really only a handful of poems, or pictures, or buildings, in the whole world, and another handful or two of pigmies to charm a less impressive mood. Yet we struggle away at the production of vapour, and it is nice when someone is willing to collect the results into a book or a gallery.

I do not suppose it very much matters what poems are imposed on the public. Few imaginations are capable of accepting more than an occasional shaft of light, struck off a phrase or a glimpse or a stray note ; and even the aesthetes can do with a very small amount of genuine aesthetic amusement. So a collection of really good poems might be almost unbearable. Not many could sit down to *read* the *Oxford Book of English Verse* ; it would be like converting the Virgin of the Rocks into a dining-room table. We must be grateful to Mr. Abercrombie for not having produced too good a book, on

which this article could never have been written, and for having performed several remarkable feats—the inducing Lord Alfred Douglas out of his silence, the inducing Mr. Humbert Wolfe to remain vocal in spite of many sad blows, and the agreeable appearance of the book itself.



Tail-Piece by MICHAEL WICKHAM



TOYS

Woodcut by PAMELA d' A. NATHAN

CORRESPONDENCE

BIBLIOGRAPHY

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—I accept, with your permission and also with some hesitation, Mr. Iolo Williams's invitation (expressed in his too flattering review of my *Student's Manual of Bibliography*), to contribute a few lines to the discussion on the use of the bibliographical terms "edition" and "issue" (LONDON MERCURY, Sept., 1931, pp. 452-3).

I can only regard Mr. Symons's note in the *Book Collectors' Quarterly* on Mr. Muir's *Points*, which gave rise to the discussion, as an unfortunate boutade. It is quite true that the general public uses the terms loosely, intending by "new edition" a change in the paper, the illustrations, the title, the publisher's casing, or even the text, and by "issue" exactly as much or as little as by "edition," making no distinction when does not mean by "issue" a number of a newspaper. It is also quite true that some publishers bow to this loose diction and call any printing an edition. But for a considerable time all or practically all competent bibliographers have consistently understood by "edition" all copies from one setting of the text, and by "issue" those copies of an edition distinguished from the rest by some variation, generally of title page and date, and by "impression" a plain new printing from standing type or plates. And they have been glad to have the Publishers' Association with them in these exact and logical uses, and I do not doubt regret as much as I do that there should be any reversion towards the chaos of the popular uses.

Dr. McKerrow suggests (*Times Literary Supplement*, Oct. 1, p. 760) that there should be two uses, one, the correct one, kept up esoterically by bibliographers, the other, the incorrect, used by publishers in communications intended for public reading. The plan would, I cannot help feeling, soon break down into a hopeless confusion. But I do most warmly welcome his suggestion that publishers should adopt the exact French practice of describing new impressions as, e.g. "10th-12th thousand."

It is, of course, true that the interval between the first and last issue or impression of a single edition may be long; this not uncommonly occurred as early as the seventeenth century. It is even true that during that interval independent editions of the same book may come from other presses. (I did not know of a case of this, but it appears to have occurred with *The Testament of Beauty*.) The result in this last case is indeed Gilbertian, but I still think it better to be orthodox and to enter the series as (1) first edition, first issue; (2) second edition; (3) first edition, second issue; than to call a mere reissue with a new date on the title-page, a new edition, and so to open the door to widespread confusion.

Mr. Williams asks for my opinion on a specific point, whether in assigning the order of issues we should regard time of printing or time of sale. I can only reply that in my innocence I had never thought of the possibility of two issues of a book being printed in one order and sold in the reverse. Does Mr. Williams know of any example? Given evidence which established such a fact, I should be tempted to echo the cry of a distinguished living bibliographer on a similar occasion, that if such things were possible, what was to become of bibliography. And then I think I should toss up for it.

But in normal experience there is little difficulty; the relative order of two undated or similarly dated issues may be unknown; but that is all. Anyhow, surely we do all know what an edition is, and what an issue. Then why in Heaven's name should we miscall them out of deference to ignorance or tricks of the trade?—Yours, etc.,
ARUNDELL ESDALE.
British Museum, W.C.1.

ESPERANTO

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—One is accustomed to read the words of Professor Weekly with considerable respect and I am certain that I should have accepted his comments on international language in your October number, with that deference which his authority usually commands, had they not been so startlingly out of accord with my knowledge of the real state of affairs.

The fact that Esperanto, after forty years of use, is a living and naturally evolving language with its own culture, a literature and to some extent a "tradition" behind it cannot be reconciled with the theories through which your reviewer claims for Professor Jespersen the knowledge "that living language is idiom, that an artificial language can have no idiom and only be a dead mechanism." It remains however a fact.

I have not the audacity to attempt to pervert THE LONDON MERCURY by setting out the arguments with which Esperantists are accustomed to introduce their language for consideration or to quote any statistics of its application, surprising as I fancy the latter would be to many of your readers, but respect for reality compels me to make a brief reference to its literary and linguistic aspects.

Of the numerous projects of recent years Esperanto alone has reached the stage of "language and literature." It may sound horrifying and incredible to some that an artificial language, whose composition was—to state the case rather more crudely than is strictly fair—the hobby of a Polish Jewish medical student, should have ever become a real means of communication, but "worse" than this has actually happened. It has become a language of understanding and emotion, of poem, drama, novel and rhetoric.

The Old Testament, *Pan Tadeusz*, the Polish epic of Adam Mickiewicz, *Hamlet*, Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, Ibsen, *Im westen nichts neues*, Hans Andersen, recent Hungarian novels, modern Japanese literature, Catalan poetry. . . . This fragmentary beginning of a list capable of considerable extension can suggest an idea of the range, though not, of course, of the extent or merit, of the already existing translated literature. An original literature of prose and verse is rapidly growing and contains both valuable matter and rubbish.

That this should be so is of interest to a consideration of the real meaning of such phrases as "word associations" and "linguistic tradition." Such have come to exist in this artificial language as definitely as they do in "natural" languages. But this "artificial language" has already been a spoken language for about forty years, which is longer than many of us have been speaking English.

The attractive sound of Esperanto has been denied by none who has heard it: its flexibility and precision by none who has used it: its imperfections by none who appreciates its real merits. Imperfections exist in all languages, but a language grows to fit the people who speak it through time and use, as a spoken language and as a thought language. This applies to Esperanto which is spoken as fluently and unconsciously as any national language in Esperanto Clubs all over the world and in local and international congresses. Nuance and refinement are forming, shifting and evolving precisely as they are continuously doing in national languages, though perhaps faster. An important factor to be also considered in this connection is the immense force of resistance to change in the fundamental grammar and vocabulary of the language which is exactly as it was when given to the world in 1888.

The dry system is already, in the words of Hodler, *vivanta lingvo de vivanta popolo*. It has reached the stage where the language biologist may profitably study it. The most recent work in this field is Dr. Kalocsay's *Lingvo Stilo kaj Formo* (Budapesth, 1931), a collection of papers on the evolution of Esperanto style and usage and on the logical basis of its word building and inflections.

In face of this the theoretical attitude which leads to the declaration that "the obstacles in the way of an inter-language which could be used in international congresses, treaty making, literary discussion, etc., are, thank God, insuperable" can hardly be considered as becoming the scientific philologist.—Yours, etc.,

R. M. MORRIS OWEN.

Balliol College, Oxford.

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGIC HEROES

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—In his review of my *Shakespeare's Tragic Heroes* in the August LONDON MERCURY, your reviewer suggests that the work must have been written some years ago, since otherwise I should have observed that my views had been anticipated in other works. I have, however, no right to be protected under any such excuse, for the book which was

published in 1930 went to the Cambridge Press in the summer of 1929. I had, of course, been engaged for some months in getting it into shape, but it was written as near the time of publication as books are likely to be, and it embodied conclusions that so far as I was aware were new. I am so much in the dark still that I do not know where any of my conclusions have been anticipated except in the essays of Professor Wilson and Miss Yardley published in their edition of Lavater's *Of Ghostes and Spirites Walking by Nyght*, an edition which I was not able to secure until some time after the proofs for my book had gone back to England. If in other conclusions I am merely joining a cloud of witnesses, I wonder whether your reviewer might be prevailed upon to give me an idea of where to look for their work.

The reviewer mentions as a case in point a thesis dated 1927 which I mentioned in my introduction as seen after my manuscript was completed. Since the thesis in point was not reviewed in the *Year's Work in English Studies* until 1930 (in the volume issued for 1928), the omission would scarcely have justified such a generalization in any case. But if your reviewer has read the thesis to which he refers, I am sure that he agrees with me that there was not enough relevant material in it to justify my trying to relate it to the problems with which my book was concerned. Such at least was my conclusion when I read the thesis before I sent my manuscript to the publisher. I am, of course, aware that other students have written concerning the problems with which I was dealing, but I am not aware that anyone has anticipated my conclusions save in the one instance to which I have referred. If I had been making a bibliography of all work that had ever been concerned with these matters, I should have had an endless task, but not the one I had set for myself. It was this reasoning that led me to omit any reference to the work of your reviewer on the subject of melancholy, for he has seemed to me to ignore the fundamental distinction between the melancholy humour and the unnatural melancholy or melancholy adust with which we are concerned in Shakespeare's heroes.—Yours, etc.,

LILY B. CAMPBELL.

University of California,
Los Angeles, U.S.A.

OMNIBUS VOLUMES

(To the Editor of THE LONDON MERCURY)

SIR,—I was extremely interested to read in your Editorial Notes the doubt as to whether people read the Omnibus Volumes they bought, or put them aside as ornamental but inconvenient. My own experience is limited to *The Plays of Galsworthy*, but has convinced me that the Omnibus Volume is in every respect an excellent innovation.

I did not buy it, but chose it as part of an English Prize, for the double reason that it enabled me to get the most I could for the expenditure allowed me, and that this was a splendid opportunity to obtain all Mr. Galsworthy's plays for nothing.

I found the size of the book no inconvenience whatever; but this may be because I am used to large text-books. The paper is thin, but personally I like thin paper, and the type is clear and can be read for long periods without fatigue.

I read straight through the book during the summer holidays, and since I was busy it took a long time, but I was amply repaid for my perseverance. It was very instructive, and has given me an idea of the author's works as a whole. The result of reading straight through the book is to give one an impression of twenty or thirty plays as one piece of work; and this helps in attaining a true conception of the author's views on life. It seems to me that the great argument in favour of Omnibus Volumes is they make it convenient and enjoyable to do this.—Yours, etc.,

D. A. JOHNSTON.

Lamb B,
Christ's Hospital,
Horsham, Sussex.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES & NEWS

Correspondence from readers on all subjects of bibliographical interests is invited. Our Correspondent will, to the best of his ability, answer all queries addressed to him.

ONE of the most prolific of living authors is, I suppose, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, and I can well imagine that *Eden Phillpotts : a Bibliography of First Editions* (Greville Worthington, John Bright Street, Birmingham. £1 10s.) must have cost its compiler, Mr. Percival Hinton, an immense deal of trouble. Beginning with *My Adventures in the Flying Scotsman* in 1888 and ending with *Found Drowned* in 1931 Mr. Phillpotts has written more than a hundred and forty books, and, though some of them were published in such an extremely evanescent form as the pre-war sixpenny paper-bound novel, Mr. Hinton has succeeded in tracing them all. In method Mr. Hinton has been properly systematic. Each entry begins by the title of the book and the year of publication, after this comes a transcript of the title page, followed by a note on size and in the number of pages. After this comes (in order) a collation by signatures ; a description by pagination ; a description of the binding ; a note on the number of copies and the price ; and finally any miscellaneous note as to points or issues that may exist. The number of copies in the first edition is a fact which Mr. Hinton has not always been able to discover, and in such cases he has left a blank. Oddly enough this piece of information has eluded him in the instances of several of the most recent of Mr. Phillpotts's books. As I have often remarked before, the final test of a bibliography is constant use—and this test the reviewer is never able to apply *before* writing his review. But Mr. Hinton appears, "upon inspection" so to speak, to have done his work admirably, and certainly as regards method there is nothing to criticise—and would that that could be said about some other bibliographies of living authors, books which appear often to be compiled by persons having very little knowledge of even the elements of bibliography. But I digress—and must return to Mr. Hinton's excellent book to add that it has as a frontispiece a photograph of Mr. Phillpotts, signed by himself, and that the volume is issued in an edition of 350 copies—two hundred for this country and a hundred-and-fifty for foreign parts. Mr. Hinton is certainly to be congratulated on what is, I fancy, his first published bibliographical work—but not, I trust, his last.

FROM the Soncino Press come the two burly octavo volumes of Mr. Holbrook Jackson's *The Anatomy of Bibliomania* (28s.). I must begin my remarks by confessing frankly that I have not read through this work—I have only dipped at intervals, partly haphazard, and partly with the help of the Index. The appeal which books of this kind make to one is an extremely personal thing, and I am perhaps hampered as a critic of this huge work (it runs to more than eight hundred pages in all) by two things. I do not much care for the literary *tour-de-force*—and Mr. Jackson's adaption of the form and manner of Burton (not the book-hunter—but the other and greater one) is essentially that ; and, secondly, I find that even the greatest exponents of the discursive method of authorship (Sterne for example), though often extremely entertaining in small doses, provide a form of entertainment that quickly becomes fatiguing. Therefore I doubt if, personally, I shall ever get to know the whole of Mr. Jackson's vast mosaic of carefully annotated quotations—even though I have felt immensely (but not I trust unnaturally or improperly) proud to detect certain fragments of my own making imbedded therein. Nevertheless, in the time that has elapsed since the receipt of these volumes, I have read *in* them, on several occasions, with amusement

and pleasure, and have wondered much at Mr Jackson's width of reading, and at his fund of information on (to mention a few topics picked out at random) "The Book-worm [in the literal sense] and his Several Varieties," "Books in Prison," "Reading in Bed," or "Dummy Books." Incidentally, though I have long treasured in my mind some of the titles which Tom Hood invented for Dummy Books at Chatsworth, *Cursory Remarks on Swearing*, for example, Mr. Jackson makes me realise, to my shame, that I had forgotten the best of them all—*The Scottish Boccacio* by D. Cameron. So, though this is not quite my book—except at odd and brief moments—I can quite imagine that to some people it will bring great joy.

NOTES ON SALES

THE first sale of the season took place at Messrs. Hodgson's on October 14th and the two following days. There was not anything very remarkable in the way of prices, some of the lots to sell best being the following:—Anthony Trollope, *La Vendée*, first issue, three volumes, 1850, £36; T. S. Boys, *Picturesque Architecture in Paris, Ghent, Antwerp, Rouen*, 1839 (loose in binding), £23; M. Hopkins, *The Discovery of Witches*, 1647, £17; and R. L. Stevenson, *Travels With a Donkey*, 1879, £16. A manuscript diary kept by Wilkie Collins in 1868, in which he referred to the writing of *The Moonstone*, and of *No Thoroughfare*, and also spoke of Charles Dickens, sold for £21 10s.

SOME drawings by George Cruikshank, mostly done as illustrations to various Victorian novels, fetched very high prices at Messrs. Sotheby's on November 2nd, when several American dealers appeared to be in competition for them. Mr. Sessler paid £460 for six water-colour drawings illustrating F. E. Smedley's *Frank Fairlegh*, and the Rosenbach Company bought four separate illustrations (for other works) at £270 a-piece. The latter firm, however, did not have to pay more than £45 for what was, in many ways, the most interesting of the Cruikshank drawings, a small pencil sketch of Dickens as a very young man. These drawings came from the collection of the late J. H. White, of Pease Hall, Springfield, Essex, which also contained a large number of books illustrated by Cruikshank. Of these, those that fetched the highest prices were the following:—W. H. Ainsworth, *Jack Sheppard*, 3 volumes, 1839, with Cruikshank's signature in each title-page, £23; D. Carey, *Life in Paris*, 1822, £16; and S. W. H. Ireland, *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, 4 volumes, 1828, one plate torn, £24 10s. This was Messrs. Sotheby's first important book-sale of the season.

ANOTHER important sale at Sotheby's was that held on November 9th and 10th. Here the lots that interested me most were two very rare eighteenth-century first editions, James Boswell's *Dorando*, 1767, and Christopher Smart's *Song to David*, 1763; but these fetched only disappointing prices. *Dorando* went for £82 and *The Song to David* for no more than £32. Of the latter book only two copies have been sold recently, the Britwell copy in 1927 for £590 and another in 1928 for £700. These two were partly uncut, and far superior to the present rather bad copy, but nevertheless, I think last month's price for so very rare and notable a book can only be regarded as poor. A few other books in this sale, and their prices, were the following:—S. Johnson, *The Plan of a Dictionary*, 1747, £36; J. Primrose, *Exercitationes et animadversiones libram De Motu Cordis*, 1630, £52; J. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, 1668, with the fourth title-page, and a copy of the second title-page inserted, £150; *The London Gazette*, numbers 1 to 5195, lacking seven numbers and two defective, 1665-1713, £150; and E. Johnson, *A History of New England*, 1654, £92. Some illuminated manuscripts and fine bindings (chiefly of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries)

fetches good prices. The most important binding was a French one, done at Paris in the fifties of the sixteenth century for Peter Ernst, Count of Mansfeld. This binding covered two volumes in one) of Vincent de Beauvais' *Miroir Hystorial*, 1531, and was bought for £520 by Mr. Gabriel Wells. Some autograph letters and manuscripts were also sold. A four-page letter from Robert Burns brought in £360; a two-and-a-half page letter from George Washington, £95; and Byron's manuscript of his *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*, £150. The two days totalled over £6,000.

ON Monday and Tuesday, December 7th and 8th, Messrs. Sotheby are to sell the extremely fine library of the late J. C. Adams, of Snaithfield, Sheffield, which is remarkably rich both in printed books and illuminated Manuscripts. There are two Caxtons, Christian of Pisan's *The Fayttes of Armes and of Chyvalrye*, folio, 1489 (twelve leaves supplied in facsimile), and the *Cordiale, or, Four Last Thinges*, folio, 1479. The latter is an extremely rare book, and the present copy (though it lacks nine leaves, one being a blank) is the largest recorded. Of each of these books only three other copies are known to remain in private hands. The Shakespeare section of this collection is highly remarkable, for not only does it contain a first folio (two preliminary leaves in facsimile, but otherwise a good copy), a second folio (very good copy), and the *Poems* of 1640, but there are twenty quartos of varying importance. Other rarities include Milton's *Lycidas*, 1638, Skelton's *Pithy pleasaunt and profitable Workes*, 1568, Herrick's *Hesperides*, 1648, and the only known perfect copy of Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1590. And there are plenty of other things too.

OTHER sales which (as I write—though not as you, dear reader, peruse my notes) are still to be held are those of the third portion of the Thorn-Drury Library on November 23rd and the two following days, and the Dickens collection (including a first-class *Pickwick* in parts) of Mr. Thomas Hatton, of Leicester, on November 30th and December 1st. Young as this book-auction season is, it is quite clear that it is going to surpass in interest its predecessor. Though whether prices are going to recover much remains to be seen.

FROM the look of my manuscript I am near to the end of my space, and cannot therefore say anything about the Catalogues of our friends the booksellers. These excellent people have, it is to be feared, been treated but scurvily in these notes this last month or two. However, next month an attempt shall be made to make amends.

I. A. WILLIAMS

BOOK-PRODUCTION NOTES

THE GREGYNOG EURIPIDES.*

THE claims of the folio to be the fittest size for library books must have been a matter for debate at least since the time of Aldus. Even if in these less ample if more comfortable days we insist that most of our books should be printed as mere octavos or something less, it must be allowed that the folio size more than any other lends material dignity to rare and scholarly work, and also that it affords the printer the best opportunity for a fine and beautiful page. It is seldom that the work of a modern writer is produced so luxuriously as these volumes of Professor Gilbert Murray's *Euripides*. Therein it sets a precedent which should be followed up with the writings of other eminent living authors. The page is a crown folio (15 x 10 inches), and the paper a Batchelor hand-made bearing the Gregynog watermark. The type is 14-point Bembo, copied, my reader may remember, from a letter cut by Aldus at the very end of the fifteenth century, yet so little archaic in its looks that on first acquaintance the reader might easily mistake it for a newly designed letter of our own day. Professor Murray's rhymed pentameters and tetrameters fill but a very small part of the page, leaving very wide margins, especially at the fore-edge and tail; but the printed text is so nicely balanced and the whites and blacks so judiciously broken up by the play's title in the shoulders and the speakers' names, set "in its own" capitals at the head of each speech, that these great margins do not become oppressive.

THREE RAVEN PRESS INCUNABULA

THE *Euripides* must, I think, be the last work to be produced at the Gregynog Press by Mr. Maynard and his colleague, Mr. Bray. I have been able to chronicle in these notes most of the books which have formed the output of the Press under their direction. Each of these seems to mark a successive advance in the skill and good workmanship which have gone to their design and making. The *Euripides* is a worthy crown to their achievement at the Welsh press which these artists have made famous. They have sent me the first three issues of their new venture, the Raven Press, which they have lately set up at Harrow Weald.† *The Book of Tobit* is a thin octavo, printed in 12-point Bembo. Mr. Bray has engraved for it five full-page pictures, printed with the text and very delicately coloured by hand, as well as head- and tail-pieces and initial letters, also hand-coloured. The paper is hand-made, with the watermark, "F. J. Head & Co." The Shakespeare and Milton volumes are both quartos, measuring 11½ x 8 ins., and printed on Batchelor's paper, the *Venus* in 14-pt. Centaur, the *Samson* in 14-point Bembo. I wish I could show a specimen of the engravings done for these books; but blocks so fine in the line would not print well on pages of THE LONDON MERCURY. I show instead a figure of Mercury from the Gregynog *Euripides*. It has been engraved by Mr. Maynard from a Greek vase, now or lately at Leningrad. In these bad times there are not too many collectors of fine printing who are able to purchase the more costly books. These three little Raven Press books have all the qualities of finely printed books much greater in size except their price and bulk, and many collectors should be willing to give the comparatively

* *The Plays of Euripides*. Translated into English Rhyming Verse by Gilbert Murray, LL. D., D.Litt. 2 vols. The Gregynog Press. 500 copies. Twelves guineas.

† *The Book of Tobit*. With wood-engravings by Horace Walter Bray. 275 copies. £2 5s.
William Shakespeare. Venus and Adonis. With wood-engravings by H. W. Bray. 275 copies. £1 15s.

Samson Agonistes. A Dramatic Poem. By John Milton. With wood-engravings by R. A. Maynard. 275 copies £2 10s.



low prices at which they are issued. Mr. Maynard and his partner besides designing and engraving their own pictures do much of the type-setting and printing with their own hands.

A NEW DEVON PRESS

THE *Magic Flute**, a tapestried morality, telling of the adventures of a modern English schoolboy in an Arthurian dreamland, is the first book to issue from "The Boars Head," a little press set up by Christopher and Lettice Sandford at Heathercombe, Manaton, Devon. It was, however, put in type and printed at the Chiswick Press, while that press was actually in the course of removal from Tooks Court, where it had made so much history during its long and brilliant career, to its new factory in the Western suburbs. Mr. Sandford was associated with the Press during its latter years in the old premises, and cherishes fond memories of its achievement, which are recorded in a postscript to his little book. It is decorated with woodcut ornaments used at the Chiswick Press and with two full-page engravings by the printers.

B. H. NEWDIGATE

* 4 to. 100 copies. 21s.

CHRONICLES

POETRY

THE SATIN SLIPPER. By PAUL CLAUDEL. Sheed and Ward. 8s. 6d.

MOUNT ZION. By JOHN BETJEMAN. James Press. 5s. 6d. and 12s. 6d.

PURSUIT OF PSYCHE. By W. J. TURNER. Wishart. 3s. 6d.

M. CLAUDEL'S play, *The Satin Slipper* is at least as much of a poem as *The Dynasts*, and hardly a less impressive affair. In a short review there is very little to be said about it, for it covers over three hundred close pages, but as a work of art it is obviously important although, unlike *The Dynasts* and especially in translation, a little dull. So very grand a manner coupled with the very sophisticated kind of production intended for it, should it ever be produced—"the whole thing must look provisional, developing, disordered . . . with happy accidents from time to time. . . . A rope-end hanging, a back-drop badly drawn, will be most effective"—such a coupling is overwhelming; and, for myself, I prefer M. Claudel in a more brilliant mood: that of the *Deux Farces Lyriques*, which offer beauty and lightness equally mixed, instead of beauty proposed and then weighed down.

Nevertheless *The Satin Slipper* is a book to read, and one translated freely and well by Fr. O'Connor. It expands an orthodox subject—the advancement through all created things of the glory of God—by means of a story divided into Four Days and placed, principally in Spain, at the end of the sixteenth century. The cinema is brought in to help, and the Days are subdivided into fifty or more scenes. Yet, in spite of such paraphernalia, the play does not quite come off, anyway in English. This is partly because M. Claudel's dithyrambic style is too static for any action whatever, and partly because his orthodoxy is so downright that it does not carry the weight of one whose orthodoxy has been acquired after a struggle. I should like to think that M. Claudel's private life had been that of a Jean Barois; his Muse would have been stronger if it had been. Yet he has the merit of consistency, and a real grandeur of conception. *The Satin Slipper* deserved translation, and also the fine appearance Messrs. Sheed and Ward have given it.

"This precious, hyper-sophisticated book," Mr. Betjeman calls *Mount Zion* in his dedication, and thereby he disarms objection. For Mr. Betjeman has invented a completely new attitude of mind, and therefore he cannot hope to escape objections. *Mount Zion* is printed on alternate, or roughly alternate, sheets of pink, or roughly pink, and green paper, bound up in those papers which are usually seen on indoor fireworks, and printed in blue and brown inks. On the cover is a Persian engraving of a tight-waisted lady telephoning—the sub-title is *In Touch with the Infinite*—down a machine which looks more like the two handles of a skipping-rope, and the poems are illustrated either out of bad books of 1860 ecclesiastical architecture or by the quite brilliant line drawings of Mr. de Cronin Hastings, who appears to have a unique genius for depicting Croydon.

The attitude of mind which Mr. Betjeman has invented is a variation of what the late eighteenth century called "horror." At the thought of Croydon, the Low Church, gas, an Irish peer in a bog, the Regent Palace, handicrafts; of any tortuous vulgarity, or obscure dignity, of lunacy in any form, of the colour mauve, of conifers, of drunk undergraduates, of Sandemanians, of stockbrokers, his sensibility becomes

horrid, his indignation sometimes bristles as well, and simultaneously he is amused at the spectacle of himself in a rage. The result is like this :

Church of England bells of Westgate !
On this balcony I stand,
White the woodwork wriggles round me,
Clock towers rise on either hand.

For me in my timber arbour
You have one more message yet,
" Plimsolls, plimsolls in the summer,
Oh goloshes in the wet ! "

The sophistication of this is that the poems are deliberately not better. Whereas most poets, especially comic ones, polish their verses, Mr. Betjeman unpolishes his so as to make them scratch more horribly on the reader. The ideal reader will be as tortured as the author, and as abruptly amused. The jewel of the book, however, is a sham Calvinist hymn, unfortunately too long to be given here, which begins :

Thank God my afflictions are such
That I cannot lie down in my Bed,
And if I but take to my Couch
I incessantly Vomit and Bleed.

Mr. Betjeman is not wholly innocent of having read Mr. Osbert Sitwell, but otherwise his inspiration seems to have no parents at all. This book is worth buying because it could never happen again. Even Mr. Betjeman could not be so eccentric twice running.

Mr. Turner is often a good poet and often a curiously bad one. In *Pursuit of Psyche* he is both. Much lovely stuff is hidden in this poem, but the author has put an obstacle to finding it at the outset which is : that the eye is caught by a scaffolding of hyphens to hold up the epithets, thus :

Why marble-made,
Carrara-quarried, Parian, Pentelicon,
So cumulus-clouded ?

This passage also shows a trick of pushing a point, or image, home by repetition, and so delaying the thought. Again :

It is the meekness of Ruth not meekness,
Nothing philosophical, general, abstract ; but uniqueness,
One only individual, single, particular ; not the genus human—
An entity which the senses dis sever
Like the bleak rock which gives a scene bleakness.

The point is made in the first line ; the rest only piles it up.

Mr. Turner has obviously got a clear plan of his poem in his own mind, but he does not make it at all clear to his reader. The reader must be charmed, especially by the eighth canto, but he cannot be impressed ; and it is not, I hope, impertinent to think that the stricter Mr. Turner's verse-form the better he uses it.

As a footnote for all who are interested in the relation between a poem as read, and as read by the author, I want to call attention to an excellent scheme which has been started by the International Education Society, to issue gramophone records of authors reading their own work. They are reproduced and distributed by Columbia, and the only ones I have heard—a pair of records from *The Land*, read by Miss Sackville-West—are most successful.

ALAN PRYCE-JONES

FICTION—I

THE WAVES. By VIRGINIA WOOLF. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

JULIAN PROBERT. By SUSAN ERTZ. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

CASSANDRA. By REGINALD BERKELEY. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

VERY PRIVATE SIN. By LAURENCE OLIVER. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

THE SONS OF MRS. AAB. By SARAH G. MILLIN. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.

LOONA. By NORMAN WALKER. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

THE MOTHER. By NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH. Gollancz. 6s.

MRS. VIRGINIA WOOLF is one of the most distinguished writers of our time : no one with less than her gifts could have succeeded in embodying, in the form of a novel, such a conception as *The Waves*. In this book, as in *Mrs. Dalloway* and *To the Lighthouse*, Mrs. Woolf attempts to record with the hard bright point of her exact prose the elusive thoughts are that ultimately ourselves, and express what we are, rather than do, our spoken words and apparent actions. Poets through the medium of verse, employing their lawful magic of imagery and music, have in their devious ways contrived to convey to us their impressions of the things behind the things we see ; Mrs. Woolf does this in the simple form of narrative prose. No one before her has done anything like it ; her brilliant success is one of the most interesting events of our time. She stands absolutely alone in this performance ; as she stands among the very few masters of the English language writing now. Her mastery of her technique is very nearly perfect. She can suggest all the sensuous beauty that poetry conveys, and yet never trespass in its country, and at the same time she can expose the exact truth about her characters without the detail of a single photographically observed episode in their lives.

In a first, introductory passage, in italics, we have a picture painted for us of the sun beginning to rise on the sea shore ; throughout the rest of the novel the chapters (though they are not numerically divided) are divided by these little italic sea-pieces, so that the span of the lives of the people we follow appears to coincide with the rise and passing of the sun across the sky to its setting, our life being likened to this birth, mid-day effulgence, and death. From looking at the waves we turn to the six lives in which we are interested. At first we have a collection of children, three boys and three girls, in a garden by the sea one early morning before breakfast. They speak their thoughts and we know them. Next they are at school ; then at college. They grow up ; they meet at intervals ; and always from their innermost, uncoordinated thoughts we gather what is happening to their corporeal frames. Yet at moments, where she wishes it, just as in memory light shines sharply on certain events, Mrs. Woolf focusses attention upon the complexities and problems of life. And where she wishes to draw attention to the stupidities that mar our civilisation she gets there with an illuminating gleam that clears away in a flash clouds of dusty prejudice. It would be difficult to say which of these completely diverse characters is the best in the book : Neville, the poet, who loves and admires only his school friend Percival, the uncomplex successful athlete ; or Louis who goes into business and is never satisfied ; or Susan who marries a farmer so that she may live with nature, naturally ; or Jinny

whose nature demands for her lovers and a town life ; or Bernard the successful novelist ; or Rhoda who runs away from life. These characters are at once stamped and recognisable lives. Take the following specimens :

"Here am I shedding one of my life-skins, and all they say is, 'Bernard is spending ten days in Rome.'"

"For many years I crooned complacently, 'My children . . . my wife . . . my . . . house . . . my dog.' As I let myself in with my latch-key."

"Oh, life, how I have dreaded you," said Rhoda, ". . . What dissolution of the soul you demanded in order to get through one day, what lies, bowings, scrapings fluency servility."

" . . . and then to say what one ought not to have said, and then to be conscious of a ramrod of incorruptible sincerity which one would willingly exchange for a shower of smooth pence."

"Then like a cracked bowl the fixity of the morning broke, and putting down my bag of flour, I thought, life stands round me like glass round the imprisoned reed."

Some books are clearly finished performances in themselves, and some as clearly ask for a sequel. Miss Ertz's new novel comes under the second description. It practically doesn't end at all. No doubt its continuation is in the making, or shortly to be made. In the meantime we can be duly grateful for a very good book—as far as it goes. Julian Probert, though he gives his name to the book, is at present a less interesting study than are his parents. If he had been killed, in his motor-cycling accident at the end, his death would have thrown a retrospective importance over his place in the story ; the slightness of his life compared with the vivid affairs of the older people would have been accentuated by its end. Living on, his young life—so little of it lived—becomes negligible by the side of the other lives described in the book. The infatuated affair between Pauline's father and the imposture of a woman, Sandra Devereux—a story quite unrelated to Julian's life—is, as a matter of fact far the best piece of characterisation and writing in the book. Sandra is marvellous, an adventuress through and through, and yet the most original study of this type. Julian's boyish unhappiness and his calf-love are tenderly and surely treated ; his relations with his mother are very good indeed ; but his young lover Hildegarde remains throughout a rather fragmentary invention.

Prophets of the future history of our civilisation are of all kinds, but they have one enthusiasm in common. They are all actuated by an intense urge to say something that will help us in time to do something to save ourselves from running down the "Gaderene slope." Mr. Berkeley has a robust belief in life, himself and his fellow-men, he is essentially an optimist ; and though the prophet in his novel is discredited and broken, one feels the implied conviction that the book itself will convey the warning that is intended. And, at the moment, what the hero of the book, Anderson, demanded, has actually taken place. . . . We have a National Government. Anderson was voted into a lunatic asylum for going to the heads of the two political parties, revealing to them the strange revelation of the future he had obtained, and demanding a National Government ! How this vision of the calamities that befall us was vouchsafed I direct readers to the book to find out. It is a most readable convincing piece of work, thoroughly sincere and cleverly argued. As to the Wellsian catastrophe that overwhelms the earth, and thus frees it from the present chaos and enables a pleasantly ordered society to appear in the middle of the Gobi Desert—all this is most amusing and instructive reading ; and the criticisms of our present civilisation are full of sound common sense. There is much that is amusingly ironic, too, in the idea of Leninism sweeping the earth as Christianity did, and the future

archaeologists deciding that the name of London was probably a corruption of Lenin's town ! Two thousand years out is a small matter to archaeologists.

Very Private Sin should make a neat stage comedy. Frances Jerwood, coming from an "old" family, considers herself to have stooped in marrying Geoffrey Hawkins (Lord St. Meret's brother). Her son, Stephen, however, is of the newest brand of "youth" : he tears about the country in a bright red sports Alvis and gets engaged to an actress at the "Old Vic," where he is seeking distinction himself, having gravitated there from the "O.U.D.S." That Una is a very independent young lady without any designs on Stephen and his title is a situation that none of the Hawkins' could be expected to understand. They determine to out-wit her and make the most ridiculous mess of it. The plot sounds trite, but it is written with a brilliant humour and happy characterisation that lift it far out of the ranks of the ordinary. It is an outstanding novel of wit and vivacity and an utter frankness which is completely without objectionable quality. The author handles his theme, characters and situations with the clever touch of a good driver controlling a frisky team. A final word of praise must be added for Mr. Oliver's exceptionally perceptive study of the character of Dorothy, Lord St. Meret's wife, a side line and quite unobtrusive, but in reality the most subtle success of the book. Dorothy getting through Sunday afternoon with her husband is a picture, humorous and pathetic, that no one could read and forget. After *The Secret Image* this so different book marks the author as a man of first class ability.

The Sons of Mrs. Aab is another novel from South Africa, which again brings Mrs. Millin into the position of a candidate for honours with Olive Schreiner. It is graphic and tragic with an originality of theme and of character study that is definitely the work of a capable brain and powerful imagination. The writing might be more graceful, more tuned ; yet here, one feels, is an author at grips with so serious a piece of work that the first gaunt incisive words that occur to her have to stand and do the task. The whole novel is rather overloaded with these chips of granite-like fact. The story is macabre, the effect depressing, but the picture of harsh life on the veldt is unforgettable.

A writer of obvious distinction is disclosed by the novel, *Loona*. The author's first work, *The Mill*, I have not seen ; but this one is at once recognisable as a work of real literary merit. Mr. Norman Walker should be looked for in the future ; he has a lively mind, originality, and both strength and facility in saying what he wants to say. I found his book engrossing from start to finish ; the idea is highly entertaining, and the method of presentation is most vigorous ; while the underlying suggestion of a moral, at once occupying the mind, gives the extra stimulation of food for thought. A scientist pursuing his biological studies, searching for seaweed and crustacea on the coast of Cornwall, is electrified one day to find a mermaid in the cove he frequents. He is at once obliged to believe she is in truth a mermaid because of his conviction that only what he sees exists. As he has rejected a God because he cannot see Him and prove His existence, so of necessity he accepts the mermaid because he has seen her and can prove it to himself. But from there onwards he is a man obsessed. At first, in the early stages, he imagines that it is the fame he will at last obtain when he can publish his discovery to the world that drives him in to look for her again, but bit by bit it becomes the mere sight of her that he longs for, and soon he is hopelessly in love with her. When, after various stratagems, he succeeds in catching her, he is scarcely surprised to find that she speaks perfectly good English, though he does not recognise that she is, in all respects but her tail, a first class imitation of a Hollywood Vamp ! His infatuation is soon completed, and in the end he goes out to sea with her

and is never heard of again. The allegory is implicit, never stated ; in fact, the author is at pains to stress the view that if Mr. Hetherington sees a mermaid there must have been one there : he emphasises the point over and over again. But yet . . . one little point is insignificantly introduced that surely must have come there by artifice and not by inadvertence—when Hetherington's fat, good, brainless wife discovers him in the cave talking to his beloved, she sees no one but him and accuses him of talking to himself. If it were not for this negligent little sentence Mr. Walker would nearly have persuaded his readers that he wished the whole fantasia to be taken literally ; he shows his hand so silyly it is like the faintest wink in a mock serious discourse. It is the height of subtlety and it brings the book off with flying colours.

Hetherington has an outburst when he hears that his wife has been consulting the local parson about him, which I wish I could quote in full :

" Peachblossom ! God ! There's a fellow for you. Why his mind is a pulp of hobgoblins, angels, devils, gods, ghosts and fairies, and what not else. . . . Don't you realise that if I am mad, which you seem to suggest, he is doubly so, trebly so, for he believes in and worships a God whom no one has ever seen or knows anything about, and he not only worships Him, but says He has made everything there is, including the Peachblossom family, which is the unkindest cut of all."

His wife's reply is good, " Perhaps it is as you have said before, dear Arthur, because God is love and love is blind ; I don't know, dear."

This restored Hetherington's sense of humour.

And this is from one of the lovely descriptive passages, of which there are many, in the book :

. . . a cormorant, which flew off on Hetherington's approach, and winged its way just over the surface of the water to a distant rock, where it stood like an emblem of night, silhouetted against the grey dawn. Except for the crying of the gulls and the rushing and splashing of the water, there was no sound, and day spread her luminescence in silence. Slowly the amorphous mass of rock split up and arranged itself into shapes and the promontory took on its edge.

A small novel of deep feeling and sensitiveness, with many beautifully expressed thoughts, comes from Miss Naomi Royde-Smith. The feelings of the " Mother " are here imagined by a writer who draws on her heart as a source of inspiration rather than her observation. The " Woman," would in reality, have been a more exact title. There is so much of this woman's past childhood included in the novel that it is more a study of womanhood than motherhood, especially as it does not take the mother beyond the early days of her life as a mother. Whereas any study of a mother to be complete should include her experience of motherhood at least up to the adolescence of her children—if not to her death. For to be a mother is a condition that becomes an attribute, and lasts for life.

J. E. S. ARROWSMITH

FICTION—II

FIRST NOVELS

MISOGYNY OVER THE WEEK-END. By RONALD McNAIR SCOTT. Macmillan. 6s.

MAKING CONVERSATION. By CHRISTINE LONGFORD. Leonard Stein. 7s. 6d.

A STRONG MAN NEEDED. By MAURICE RICHARDSON. Collins. 7s. 6d.

MR. McNAIR SCOTT thrives on difficulties. He has set himself to write a novel after the manner of Peacock, yet placed in our own times, and concerning a party of Peacockian extremists casually put together in a house party. Dr. Drumble reduces life to terms of food, Miss Johnson to terms of feminism. Mr. Gibson is a pessimist, M. de la Ferre a quixotic ; so that Denis, Rodney and Cecily—who provide the romantic interest—are a little colourless beside the flamboyant self-certainty of their fellow-guests,

To give any vitality at all to such a company, without actually copying Peacock, must have been excessively hard, but Mr. McNair Scott has certainly managed to do so, and to create for his week-end party a fantastic life in which the modernity of cars and free-love scarcely clashes with conversations about capons, quotations from the Greek, and mental excursions into the attitudes of Victorian England. With considerable wit, and equal culture, his personages discuss and illuminate the affairs of mankind and of each other ; and the special success of the book is that their discussions build up a unified impression. *Misogyny over the Week-end* has been designed as a whole, instead of as the shapeless extravaganza which it might easily have been. When Mr. McNair Scott writes a novel about real life, we shall have a very witty book ; and it is pleasant to see somebody dare, in a first novel, to make capital out of scholarship and a sense of the fantastic.

That it is shapeless is the worst fault in Lady Longford's book. The adventures of Martha Freke begin with every expectation of leading her in a definite direction, but after three or four chapters Lady Longford's head seems to have been confused by so many so excellent ideas that she had not the heart to abandon any one of them, and poor Martha is tossed about like a cork in the sea, until the book at length merely leaves her, without any conclusion whatever. If this means that we are to hear more of her, however, Lady Longford's method is almost a justification of bad literary architecture, for Martha is an enchanting character, and it is unbearable not to know whether she married her Czech or not. The book is inappropriately named, and the dust-cover tells a lie about the heroine. "Martha is obsessed by the difficulty of making conversation ; she always talks either too much or too little ; and her flounderings—", etc. In fact, none of the characters ever has the least difficulty in making conversation, and as for Martha herself, she is wholly brilliant :

"Bertrand Russell," explained Martha to the other girls, "says it would be a pity if either side won the war, and it would be much better if it stopped before anyone found out which it was,"

which is only surpassed by the speech of Miss Spencer, the headmistress. Martha has offered the opinion that adultery is a sin committed by adults :

“That is a parrot’s answer. You think you are very clever, Martha, attempting to conceal your ignorance and your lack of thought. The attempt at concealment is no better than a lie. Adultery is self-indulgence. It is the extra lump of sugar in your tea. It is the extra ten minutes in bed in the morning. It is the extra five minutes a little girl wastes by dawdling up the High Street and gaping at the shop windows. It is the time we spend on looking at ourselves in the mirror and fluffing out our hair. It is the lust of the flesh and the pride of life, and if we give way to it even so little, it leads us to destruction.”

So soon as Lady Longford manages to construct a book, we shall have fireworks indeed. I found *Making Conversation* one of the most entertaining, and at the same time one of the most intelligent books I have read for a long time.

Mr. Richardson’s *A Strong Man Needed* is even more fantastic. It concerns the depressed and impoverished family of Lord Cadwallow, who are cheered and enriched by the arrival of Miss Wilhelmina Hathaway from Australia. Miss Hathaway, with the advantage of being nine feet in height, becomes heavyweight champion of the world and finally marries Sebastian, the youngest and smallest Cadwallow. Mr. Richardson has a genuine and original wit; he tells this queer tale with positive *abandon*—so much so that the unity of the book suffers a little from the vagaries of the author’s attitude, which is sometimes of the most eccentric farce, and sometimes of a sobriety almost like life.

The vitality of certain characters is such that the adverb in the author’s note that : *The characters in this book are entirely imaginary*, seems difficult to justify. But imagination, tempered ever so little by retrospection, has made a most amusing affair of the Cadwallows and Miss Hathaway.

Brilliance is apparently coming into its own again. There is more evidence than these three novels that the brutality of life as a subject for fiction is becoming a little dull; perhaps it is because the influence of Firbank has been so thinned out among young novelists that it is again safe to attempt a fantastic novel without unconsciously imitating him, or that the brilliance of our acknowledged, and elderly, novelists is so imperceptible that the young can make a successful corner in that only. Rapes, and slums, and compound adultery, which used to be the peculiar province of the young, have already been overcrowded; there is hardly room for a beginner to peg his claim even to unnatural vice as a subject. Therefore he is forced to amuse.

It is a good sign that one turns to Peacock for a model, another to Frank Stockton—who is vaguely the spiritual parent of Mr. Richardson—and another—Lady Longford—to nobody but her own conceptions. The pity is that there is so little room for “clean fun.” Mr. Priestley has rather unfairly covered almost that whole territory, and now that nothing is too improper for print it is not easy to dig up a snigger—the more unfortunately because nothing so well as a snigger gives an impression of brilliance. The labour of Erasmus Darwin to be saucy about the Loves of the Plants is nothing to the labour of a modern novelist to be saucy about the Loves of his species. Possibly the three novelists above-mentioned have taken the easiest method—which used to be the most difficult—when they discard our world and invent a new one.

ALAN PRYCE-JONES.

LITERARY HISTORY & CRITICISM

THOMAS HARDY: A CRITICAL STUDY. By ARTHUR McDOWALL. Faber & Faber. 12s. 6d.

THE NATURE OF ENGLISH POETRY: AN ELEMENTARY SURVEY. By L. S. HARRIS. With a Preface by Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. Dent. 5s.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, A STUDY. By FREDEGOND SHOVE. Cambridge. 5s.

POETRY IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND. By JEAN STEWART. Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.

INTRODUCTION TO FRENCH CLASSICISM. By H. CAUDWELL. Macmillan. 6s.

MR. McDOWALL'S study is a formidable work. I think the word is just. I can imagine no better reward in the hereafter for school and university examiners than to have the first paragraph set them for translation into Latin prose. And though the rest of the book does not keep up this gruelling opposition to the would-be construer, there are many passages where the sense will not appear without coaxing. Fortunately—or perhaps unfortunately—the matter compels attention, and though you may retire defeated for a time, you will never quite lose the faith that there are treasures to be dug for. The printer helps here: it is a delightful book to hold in the hands, and the page is easy to gaze at. Mr. McDowall's style is involved certainly to the point of awkwardness, but one gets the feeling that perhaps it isn't altogether his fault. He strains the normal vocabulary, indulges freely a taste for using nouns as verbs, suspends his pronouns without obvious references or antecedents, and uses words which probably do not occur in the *Oxford Dictionary*. I found myself questioning "intimateness," and wondered why "intimacy" had not been used. Did it mean anything more than "intimacy"? Was it substituted in order to exclude certain connotations of the more familiar word? It may have been that. For I think Mr. McDowall finds the current vocabulary too limited for his range of thought. The intricacy of his argument is often extremely interesting, but it does not make for easy reading. And very often it defeats its own end. One has to go so slowly to understand the detail that one loses the hang of the paragraph, and still more its connection with the paragraph before.

But one does not pitch the book into the fire. One pursues it to the end. And coupled with the pride of achievement, there remains a real sense of having gazed on Hardy himself. In fact, one of the chief fascinations of the book is the complete subjection of the author's personality to his matter. And yet it is a carefully critical approach and there is no attempt to idealise or romanticise the picture. The grouping of the analysis, the deliberate division into chapter-headings, is done with a sure touch. Fourteen chapters lead us from the early poems through the novels to *The Dynasts* and finally to the main body of the poems, where the author has Hardy's own authority for finding the most intimate expression of the poet's genius. The part which deals with the novels make the easiest reading, particularly—am I fanciful?—the chapter on their style, where Mr. McDowall seems to have felt himself to be on his mettle. His summaries of the stories are especially well done; not an easy task, as anyone who has tried summary will know. *The Dynasts* is almost equally well treated. But when he comes to the poetry, Mr. McDowall gets more and more involved in the intricacies of thought which complicate his style: and the weary reader, while still

finding many illuminating points of detail, loses too often the thread of the argument.

All through the book there is a sense of fair and just criticism, both in the praise and in the fault-finding. The poet's weaknesses are mostly explained in such a way as to do him more honour. Hardy himself "would say that while he knew his verses might have been polished more smoothly, it was more important to write down an impression while its vividness still lasted." That is a principle which explains—and to some tastes justifies—the many lapses which Mr. McDowall faithfully records.

Two most vivid impressions are carried away from the book. One is the curious seeming paradox which is developed throughout and finally summed up on the last page of all, that Hardy "might be said to have created a poetry of truth there [in the verse], and a poetry of beauty in the novels"—that the verse is in a sense more matter-of-fact and the prose more poetical. Mr. McDowall vindicates this point with many excellent illustrations. The other impression is that of Hardy's isolation and independence of spirit—"his mind being visibly one of those that keep an inner freedom intact and jealously guarded." This phrase, coined early in the book, is amply borne out in the sequel and seems to express the quality which unites the various elements of Hardy's portrait into a complete and living whole.

Mr. Harris has written an admirable book, and it is not only for schools. It would rid many heads of their instinctive prejudice against poetry, it would clear many others of their sentimental adulation, and it would tidy up the vague enjoyment of those whose feeling for poetry is genuine but lazy. Let everybody read it. I recommend it especially to those who are themselves struggling to fashion words: it gives a sense of dignity to the labour of the poet's workshop, and—a most important thing—it states briefly and precisely the sum of what has already been achieved. Here is the book to refer to when you want, for instance, to remember how much has been done in the epic forms in English; and what those epic forms are; the distinction between lyric and non-lyric poetry; what constitutes an ode. And there is a most useful glossary of terms at the end. But it is not merely a text-book of fact: the chapter-headings include "The Men who write Poetry" and "How Poetry is Made." Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in his preface says: "I commend this book, reserving a grain of envy; because it says some few things that had not occurred to me . . ." It is, I think, more in the manner of saying than in the matter that the book is original. The skilful ordering of his argument, the directness of attack, the steadfast refusal to state without convincing illustration, the ingenious method of impressing his faith in the refrain "Poetry is the most powerful kind of speech"—all these qualities combine to make the book as easy to read as it is worth reading. There is original *matter* too. I think there is something which has not been said before in the description of metre as "the means by which words are made to influence each other to the greatest possible extent." And this seems to me particularly good:

It is wrong to think that the substance of a poem usually lies complete in itself in a man's mind, waiting to be put into words. It does not begin really to exist as a thing distinct and complete in itself until a man begins to write, to bring his deep feeling into contact with words and stanza-forms. The very difficulty of making stanzas . . . is in some measure a help in bringing the poem to birth.

Mr. Harris is not a pedant or a die-hard: he makes a tour of inspection through the crazier paths of modern poetic eccentricity and succeeds in conveying a measured approval without condescension. It is his nature to appreciate honest experiment, and he is chary of condemning what he may not fully understand.

Mrs. Shove's book on Christina Rossetti is an example of everything that Mr. Harris dislikes—and rightly dislikes in the discussion of poetry. She tells us that the

poetess was a favourite of her childhood, and so presumably her "study" is a labour of love. But love, however genuine, is not enough to produce valuable criticism. Chapter One, entitled "Her Life," begins by telling the reader that he must seek elsewhere for the full details of Christina's history. The opening paragraph of Chapter Two—"Her Poems"—contains the sentence: "Anyone who wants to study the poems chronologically has only to resort to . . ." the works of W. M. Rossetti! In commenting on "Her prose," Mrs. Shove writes: "I submit this opinion with great self-distrust, and offer it merely as a personal and therefore unimportant piece of criticism." What then remains? Appreciation—and it is a sad fact that there is something irresistibly irritating about the uncontrolled enthusiasm of others. Mrs. Shove's own taste for pleasant words and her skilful grouping of them suggests that she is herself a poet. Here, as so often, the creative artist is no critic. Christina Rossetti, in ample quotation, survives gloriously.

Two volumes deal with French literature: one with the post-mark of a public-school, the other of a university: the former treating a single century in 250 pages, the latter the whole of French verse literature—and most of English too—in some 150. I think Miss Stewart has bitten off more than, in the limited time her publisher allows for her meal, she can adequately chew. And it is little consolation to know that as early as her third page she had come to the same conclusion. In fact the introduction sets out most gloomily with a statement of what the book ought to be like but for lack of space cannot hope to be. It is only as a *pis aller* that Miss Stewart eventually decides to confine herself to tracing the evolution of poetry in France and England and showing the similarities and differences. That few people are better qualified than she to make this comparison there is no doubt. She has the most encyclopaedic of her authors in both languages. But her limited compass is against her: she has no time to make introductions, and he who comes to her party as a comparative stranger finds himself in the exasperating position of a freshman who hears the conversation flowing brilliantly and endlessly around him and can neither take part nor understand: for the people under discussion are unknown to him. But that is so like parties at the university.

I was very much happier at the public-school, probably because my knowledge of French literature is nearer to the school standard. Mr. Caudwell is perfectly at ease with his length, and his introduction is a model of determination and clear-headedness:

My one object in writing this book has been to justify the title I have chosen for it. It is intended, quite honestly, to introduce.

and again:

I have . . . written this book in the hope that it may prove a source of enjoyment, not in itself, but in the writers of whom it treats. For I can never forget that a pupil of mine once said: "The trouble about Racine is that he is so *colossally* dull!"

Mr. Caudwell is obviously an enthusiast, and obviously for Racine in particular. His chapter on the dramatist is proof of that. And he has so far fulfilled the promise of his preface that the best part of his book is his presentation of the works of the Frenchmen themselves. Summaries and quotation fill many of the 250 pages, and they alone would justify the book. More than one of the intervening discussions seem a little irrelevant and abortive. If I had reversed my order of reading and used Mr. Caudwell's book, as he recommended, by way of an introduction, I think I might have enjoyed Miss Stewart's book more. I was forgetting that it is usual to go to school before the university.

RONALD WATKINS

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

LORD ROSEBERY. By the MARQUESS OF CREWE, K.G. John Murray. Two Volumes. 42s.

THE late Lord Rosebery was a remarkable case of a famous man who outlived his fame and was forgotten before he died. To the young generation which has come of age since the War, his name means nothing—at least it meant nothing a month ago. The appearance since then of Lord Crewe's biography may be welcomed on many grounds ; but not least because it restores to a juster perspective the figure of the last great aristocrat to become Prime Minister of England.

First a word as to the book. I am easily nauseated by official biography, and am inclined to argue on principle that no man's life (as distinct from letters, journals, or recorded table-talk) is worth spinning out over two volumes. But there are exceptions to every rule, and I think Lord Crewe's work is one of them. He started, of course, with some peculiar advantages. Not merely was he Rosebery's son-in-law ; not merely did he share three of his principal tastes—politics, letters, and the turf ; but in the Liberal split of the 'nineties and the Liberal revival under Edward VII he was on the opposite side to him, and could thus see exactly how he appeared to his critics. Perhaps this is why he is able here to combine piety with candour. He never leaves one in doubt of his affection and deep respect for Rosebery ; yet whenever he analyses his motives and character, he does so with a quiet shrewdness and objectivity, which are all too rare in books written by relatives about relatives. Add a sound sense of bookmanship in the handling of complex material ; and the result is a distinguished achievement.

The fascination of Rosebery's life must always lie in its strange paradoxes of brilliance and ineffectiveness, of success and failure. No one has ever quite explained them ; even Lord Crewe is constrained to admit that " to those who knew him best Rosebery remains something of an enigma." But a secondary fascination is the way in which he enacted down to the twentieth century the part of an English aristocrat of the eighteenth. Contrast him with Balfour, who was a year younger than he and became Prime Minister eight years later. Balfour too was the heir to large Scottish estates ; he too was early orphaned of his father, and thrown largely on his mother's connections, which were with the very highest English nobility ; he too was educated at Eton, and enjoyed later at an ancient English university an aristocratic status apart from ordinary undergraduates. But Balfour was far too forward-looking to be true to his type. He declined to be interested, as Rosebery was, in shooting pheasants or racing horses—the old traditional amusements of the English aristocrat ; he preferred the games which have since become the hallmark of the ex-public schoolboy ; he was one of the first lawn-tennis players, the first cyclists, the first golfing enthusiasts, the first motorists. One simply cannot conceive Rosebery doing these things ; any more than he could have spent a morning with Balfour playing Mozart and Beethoven in duet form, or joined him among the first Englishmen to frequent Bayreuth. He had all the tastes of a cultured Hanoverian Whig potentate—classical literature, classical painting, history, statesmanship, country-house luxury, the cult of game (not games !), and the Turf : everything to the acme, in fact, except riding to hounds. There was but one addition of importance—the streak of personal and essentially Protestant religion, which had invaded our aristocracy in the generation before his as a result of the Evangelical movement. But see how much (besides music) the type left out. As Lord Crewe puts it :

Like many men of letters, perhaps like most, he was without any mathematical faculty ; but, in addition, he never at any age made a study of philosophy, or of any branch of science. It is strangest, perhaps, that, with his devotion to an open-air life, zoology, botany, and geology remained sealed books to him.

Mathematics, philosophy, natural history, natural science were not within the eighteenth-century aristocrat's purview. Country parsons might study such things, but not a great Earl whose mother was a Duchess.

When one comes to the stock question about Rosebery—which is commonly, if coarsely worded : “ Why was he a failure ? ”—here, surely, is the answer. Once more, Balfour's case throws some light, though this time not by contrast. For Balfour, too, never escaped suspicion of dilettantism in politics, and only enjoyed the enthusiastic support of his followers for short periods. True, he had a much stronger hand than Rosebery's under the velvet glove ; but was there not in both men a lack of grip and vulgar efficiency due essentially to their aristocratic upbringing ? Remember that deadly phrase which Matthew Arnold quoted from Scott (who meant it for praise) about Byron—“ managing his pen with the careless and negligent ease of a man of quality ” ; substitute “ politics ” for “ pen,” and does it not fairly describe Rosebery ? At the end of the nineteenth century, with steam and machinery in full blast, such fine airs were plainly out of date. Peel had out-moded them eighty years before ; and the pace in politics had since been set by gluttons for work like Gladstone and Disraeli. What place was left for “ careless and negligent ease ” in a world so altered, even though the “ man of quality ” had superlative endowments of natural eloquence, natural charm, natural mental facility, added to every possible useful concomitant of rank and wealth ? The political fate of Lord Randolph Churchill—a rougher example of the same sort of aristocratic diamond, two years younger than Rosebery and among his junior contemporaries at Eton—is a story, in essentials, of much the same tastes, the same gifts, the same limitations, and the same banishment after brief vogue and triumph to permanent discredit and a place on the shelf.

Rosebery himself in later life had a simpler explanation. Here it is :

The secret of my life, which seems to me sufficiently obvious, is that I always detested politics. I had been landed in them accidentally by the Midlothian election, which was nothing but a chivalrous adventure. When I found myself in this evil-smelling bog, I was always trying to extricate myself.

That is the secret of what people used to call my lost opportunities and so forth. If you will look over my life, you will see that it is quite obvious. But nothing is so obvious as the thing which one does not wish to see.

Alas, there is here, surely, too much sour grapes. Rosebery had had great gifts as a politician, and had used and displayed them with gusto. Look at his initial conquest of Scotland—how in his early thirties he had acquired for himself in the Northern Kingdom (with which he had really very little connection save that one of his three big houses adjoined Edinburgh) the sort of position which Lord Derby is supposed to hold in South-West Lancashire. Or look at the well-planned stages in his irresistible rise from 1889 to 1894—his chairmanship of the London County Council, his brilliant book on Pitt, his discreet Foreign Secretaryship, his settlement of the great coal strike, and so his step into the Premiership when his colleagues vetoed Harcourt. There was not merely statecraft in all this ; there was well-relished politicianship too. Yet in one aspect the self-explanation given above seems true. Rosebery suffered (as he himself owned, though Lord Crewe questions it) from pride—the pride of the aristocrat. Democratic politics implies quite fundamentally a certain equality in competition, a rubbing of rival shoulders. Born in the purple, educated at a school

and a college where serious competitive tests had been spared him, he was very ill-prepared for this sort of experience, and can never have been really happy in it. (How still more unhappy he would have been in the United States !)

In this, one may suggest, lay for him the misery of his Premiership. His special difficulties there could not be better described than by himself in a letter to Queen Victoria ; where he claimed to be " more unfortunately situated than any man who ever held that high office." But these, in another Premiership, might not have recurred. What must have recurred, and what he could not face again, was what has just been said. Hence the half-heartedness of all his moves after 1896. The worst of these was his Imperialist venture, the " Liberal League " ; not because there were not enough Liberal Greater-Englanders to make it a success, but because led, as he led it, it could not possibly succeed, but only jeopardised (and went near to destroy) the careers of the faithful coadjutors, Asquith and Grey, who had put their trust in his broken reed.

What did he do that will last ? In the sphere of statesmanship not much. His earliest feat—getting the Secretaryship for Scotland established—was possibly his most enduring. As Foreign Secretary he restored the doctrine of continuity in foreign policy, after Granville's unimpressive divagations from it ; but for the rest he was simply a Bismarck-worshipper and a steady pro-German. That accounts alike for his weakness at the time of the Armenian massacres (when Germany was befriending the Sultan), and for his disapproval of the Anglo-French Entente in 1904. The latter is sometimes hailed by post-war pacifists as a piece of miraculous clairvoyance ; but in fact it merely conformed to his consistent prejudice. His work on the L.C.C. looks quite considerable in Lord Crewe's record. But when I was myself on that body 20 years ago, I did not find much private enthusiasm for his doings among officials who remembered them.

In the sphere of literature he produced one book of quite startling merit, his *Pitt*. Within its limits it could scarcely be better ; it has passages of magnificent prose, and mirrors adequately all its author's best qualities, save his brilliant wit. Unfortunately the later books, written after his retirement, fall very far short of this standard. His sense of failure in affairs seems to have clouded also his career in letters. His work became, not dull, but second-rate. It is not unworthy of note, that what first in boyhood roused him to an interest both in books and in statecraft, were the *Essays* of Macaulay. Here again his experience exactly paralleled Balfour's. Both men in late life wrote striking tributes to their earliest mental awakener, now so much less regarded than then. Rosebery's (quoted by Lord Crewe) is perhaps the more eloquent ; but Balfour's is the subtler and more thoughtful.

In what sense was this man a " failure," who won three Derbys, wrote a first-rate book, and became the youngest of modern Prime Ministers ? In this, finally, that he left on all contemporaries capable of judging him, the impression of a character and ability altogether greater and rarer than anything which he achieved. All that brilliant and unrepeatable charm, that vivid and unique personality, was in danger of perishing with him. It is Lord Crewe's service to posterity, that he has here rescued so much of it, and preserved it in a form which deserves to escape oblivion.

R. C. K. ENSOR.

TOPOGRAPHY

- REDISCOVERING ENGLAND. By CHARLOTTE A. SIMPSON. Benn. 21s.
 ENGLISH WINDMILLS. Volume I. By M. I. BATTEN. Architectural Press.
 5s. 6d.
 THE ENGLISH INN. By THOMAS BURKE. Longmans. 3s. 6d.
 SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK. By M. R. JAMES, O.M., Litt.D. Dent. 5s.
 THE ANNALS OF COVENT GARDEN AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD. By
 E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR. Hutchinson. 18s.
 LONDON'S OLD LATIN QUARTER. By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR. Cape. 15s.
 LONDON LANES. By ALAN STAPLETON. Bodley Head. 15s.
 MANSIONS OF OLD ROMANCE. By CHARLES G. HARPER. Cecil Palmer. 10s. 6d.

IN the long ages of geological time, when beds of rock were laid down, crumpled and distorted, then overlaid and eroded (with what ultimate purpose who can tell?) was begotten that beautiful land with which familiarity breeds evergrowing love and delight. "These English fields these uplands dim," the mountains and rivers that encompass them, are the result of that long series of changes and we can only marvel that such seemingly blind and mechanical forces have left us those tender landscapes, those rolling hills and gracious valleys that seem to have been modelled by the hand of a supreme master-craftsman. "Before our forests heard the sounds of men" was this prepared, and when at last the men arrived they found a country eminently fit for neolithic heroes to live in. Miss Charlotte Simpson, in *Rediscovering England*, tells us how the geological lay-out has controlled the look of the countryside, the situation of the towns and villages, the very occupations of their inhabitants. In doing so she introduces us to many curious survivals of ancient crafts. We know how the woodland industries of chair- and tent-peg-making flourish in the beechwoods of the Chilterns, but Miss Simpson will tell you why the beechwoods are there and not on the chalk hills of the south. She will tell you how the glacial drift has made the midlands so different in character from the south, and what created the Hammer ponds, those charming features of the scenery of Sussex and Surrey, and how London stands exactly where it does—because it is at the first spot, travelling up the Thames, at which two spits of gravel jut out opposite each other above the marshy river banks. For the ever increasing number of those who profess an interest in the topography of England this book will greatly enhance that interest. It has good sketch maps and a large folding geological map of England in a pocket in the cover. But the writer has a strange weakness for writing "east" when she means "west" and *vice versa*, which is sometimes confusing.

Amongst the most attractive man-made features of the countryside must always be the stark figure of a windmill on a hill. A machine which harnesses directly the forces of nature, like a sailing ship or a windmill, can grow into a part of the landscape as those which demand the intervention of steam or electricity never will. It is well, therefore, that the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has set itself to examine and record all our existing windmills, and publish the results. The first volume of their record deals with Surrey, Kent and Sussex. There are still over 140 windmills or standing remains of them in these three counties. The oldest known in England is at Outwood in Surrey; it was built in 1656; and a new mill was actually

built last year at St. Margaret's Bay. But even the few that are still working are mostly engaged upon the production of chicken food—it is too expensive to grind corn that way. We can only hope that through the efforts of that admirable Society their decay will be arrested in a time when repose and craftsmanship are in decay all around us.

As racy of the soil as the English windmill is the *English Inn* about which no better authority could have been invited to write than Mr. Thomas Burke. Almost Mr. Burke persuades me that the English Inn still survives; his judgment is so good that I hesitate without ampler personal experience to declare him mistaken. His descriptions are most alluring and indeed convincing, for there appear to be innumerable inns which combine the beautiful structure of the seventeenth century with the conveniences and comfort of the twentieth. But there is a healthy outburst on the subject of their cooking shortcomings which suggests that all is not as well as it might be. I have often wondered why, in the height of the English fruit season, the "fruit salad" provided by the country hotel-keeper should come out of tins from California, and Mr. Burke shares my surprise. The book will be useful to the motorist, the pedestrian and above all to the innkeeper, who will here find expert advice upon the conduct of his establishment.

Suffolk and Norfolk are not picture postcard counties, but for quiet pastoral beauty and for sheer Englishness they are not to be surpassed. The Provost of Eton is, however, concerned chiefly with the architectural and ecclesiological glories of East Anglia and "here's richness" indeed. In his purpose he is most admirably served by the illustrator, Mr. G. E. Chambers. Even more helpful is the price at which the book is offered, no larger sum than 5s. being demanded for the possession of a notably handsome volume.

Mr. Beresford Chancellor has taken two more districts of London for intensive study and in each case has produced a monograph not only exhaustive but entertaining. *London's Latin Quarter* is the neighbourhood of the Tottenham Court Road; although the description might perhaps more fairly be applied to the neighbourhood which is the subject of the later book, the *Annals of Covent Garden*, with its great company of actors and artists, wits and roysterers, its Cider Cellars and Evans' Supper Rooms. No area of equal size in London, or, perhaps, in any other city, is comparable to this for its historical and literary associations. Beginning as a garden attached to the great Abbey of St. Peter's at Westminster it fell to Henry VIII, not on the easy terms on which he gained possession of so much other abbatial property, but by exchange. It eventually came into the possession of the founder of the Russell family. He built a fair mansion with a garden on the Strand frontage, and soon after the garden itself was laid out by Inigo Jones as a stately square graced on two sides with those piazzas of which many of the ponderous columns still remain. Building development took place, and the seventeenth century left it with a strangely mixed character, the abode and resort of wits and rakes, of beaux and thieves and prostitutes, with "well inhabited" streets and others the home of squalor and vice. Within this teeming area stood those famous coffee houses of the Augustan age, Wills', Button's and Tom's and the less reputable Tom King's, and the two greatest of British theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden. The lay-out of the streets, save for the intrusion of Garrick Street in the north-east and Wellington Street in the south-east corner, is little changed. The market and the theatres and St. Paul's Church remain, and though the houses are mostly gone, the eighteenth-century atmosphere humming with the voices of celebrities and rogues can still be recaptured. A great wealth of material has been collected and attractively worked up by Mr. Chancellor. Mrs. Inchbald (of all people) knocking at all the doors in New Street and running away, Harriet Mellon cooking choice

little dinners for Mr. Coutts in Martlett Court, Charles and Mary Lamb giving their little parties in the house that had been Wills' Coffee House, Sheridan, Voltaire, Pepys, Garrick, Dryden, Dickens, all appear upon this crowded stage. Every street is minutely described, but surely so ancient and notable a tavern as Rule's in Maiden Lane should be alluded to, and the fact that Leigh Hunt's *Examiner* was published in that street; and while we have an eloquent passage on the great Henry Irving and Ellen Terry days at the Lyceum, it is worth mentioning that they first appeared together in the old Queen's Theatre in Long Acre.

While Tottenham Court Road and its neighbourhood can hardly rival this in historical interest, it offers the advantage that it has not been so much written about. Mr. Chancellor has added to the topographer's already considerable debt to him by making a thoroughly painstaking survey of the district. At the end of the seventeenth century the country lane leading to Tottenham was still rustic. Then the Manor House became the Adam and Eve tavern (just as in our day the stately homes of England are converted into hotels and country clubs) with a "Calabath five feet and a half round" for its principal attraction, and so became a favourite resort for Londoners with concerts and skittles and cakes and ale. In 1757 that precursor of the modern arterial road, the New Road from Paddington to Islington, was formed. Then in the 90's came two masterpieces of town planning, Fitzroy Square and Bedford Square, and in the early nineteenth century the whole site began to be covered with houses. Soon Tottenham Court Road became renowned as the centre of the furnishing trade, a character which it still, to some extent, retains, despite the recent disappearance of the oldest of these firms. The justification for the title of the book lies in the artistic association of Fitzroy Square (Eastlake, Maclise, Ford Madox Brown, the Rossettis), a tradition which in our own day has been carried on by the Camden Town school of Sickert and Roger Fry.

Another book invaluable to the student of London is Mr. Stapleton's *London Lanes*. He is said to have discovered over 900 of these, including many which have disappeared. Few, I imagine, have disappeared so thoroughly as to escape Mr. Stapleton. Some have changed their name. A Cutthroat Lane in Shadwell is now Love Lane—which is doing it thoroughly and comprehensively—but why should Old Crab Tree Lane lose its antique flavour and become the colourless Columbia Road? The author's own pencil sketches are charming, and contrive to throw an air of romance over the drabbest and shabbiest of side streets.

In *Mansions of Old Romance* Mr. Harper relates the history of some of these great houses, the building of which marks an epoch—"a strange and vulgar period of ostentation" as he rightly calls it—and whose gradual disappearance indubitably marks another—an age of democratic levelling, a time in which fewer people can afford to keep up the vast establishments they involve and more can afford to send their children to public schools. Mr. Harper writes interestingly but in haste. Otherwise why does he talk of "Jugo-Slovakia," and refer to that great bookseller of the olden time as Jacob Jonson, and tell us that the elder Pitt married Hester Stanhope? But with facile pen he can bring vividly before us the appearance of such a secluded place as Compton Wynyates. "It lies, this place of ancient but now forgotten vineyards, in a hollow, profound and unheralded, in winding byways between Banbury and Stratford-on-Avon."

H. G. CORNER

ANTHROPOLOGY

DESCRIPTIVE SOCIOLOGY : AFRICAN RACES. By E. TORDAY. Williams and Norgate. £5 5s.

THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF RELIGION : FACTS AND THEORIES. By W. SCHMIDT. Translated. by H. J. ROSE. Methuen. 5s.

NEW DISCOVERIES RELATING TO THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN. By Sir ARTHUR KEITH. Williams and Norgate. 21s.

GROWING UP IN NEW GUINEA. By MARGARET MEAD. New York. William Morrow. \$3.50.

THE TRAVELS AND SETTLEMENTS OF EARLY MAN. By T. S. FOSTER. Benn. 21s.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS. By WILSON D. WALLIS. New York : McGraw-Hill. \$5.

THE INDIANS OF PECOS PUEBLO : A STUDY OF THEIR SKELETAL REMAINS. By E. A. HOOTON. Oxford University Press (for Yale). 65s.

ANCIENT CIVILIZATION OF THE ANDES. By P. A. MEANS. Charles Scribner's Sons. 30s.

LA RACA. By M. ROSSELL I VILAR. Barcelona, Llibreria Catalonia. 10 pesetes.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINALS. By W. RAMSAY SMITH. Harrap. 21s.

AKAN-ASHANTI FOLK-TALES. By R. S. RATTRAY. Clarendon Press. 21s.

THE SINGING WOOD. By LADY FRAZER. A. C. Black. 5s.

PRIDE of place belongs to Mr. Torday's conspectus of the data relating to the manners and customs of all the African peoples south of the Sahara ; for it is a prodigious feat to have compiled something like a million words of really sound material. One would not, perhaps, go so far as to say that to govern Africa well is to have mastered the contents of this encyclopaedic work ; but the modern administrator is thoroughly alive to the value of an applied anthropology, and will save himself a world of bother by acquiring a library in this quintessential form. All honour, therefore, to Herbert Spencer for having planned the prototype of this body of evidence in the Seventies of the last century. Unfortunately at that time Africa was largely a *terra incognita*—an affair of maps decorated with elephants in order to fill up the blank spaces. Even to-day the ruler of thousands may find that his pet tribe gets no mention, for the sufficient reason that nothing authentic is on record about them. Fifty years hence, then, another reviewer will have to tackle something altogether vaster in the way of a portable Bodleian. Yet any moderate appetite for detailed information is likely to be satisfied by the present instalment of pertinent facts, which not only are selected with care from the best authorities, British and foreign, early and recent, but are likewise duly marshalled under a number of categories that accurately reflect the theoretic outlook of contemporary science.

Father Schmidt anthropologizes in order that he may slay the devil with his own weapons. The evolutionary account of human history in his view exactly reverses the

truth. Enlightenment in a theological sense varies inversely with the degree of civilization ; for Tasmanians, Pygmies and similar " primitives " have preserved a pure type of faith which later accretions in the shape of totemism, animism, and so on have elsewhere suffocated beneath a smother of superstitious beliefs and practices. Meanwhile anthropologists of the baser sort confuse the issue by proclaiming as nascent religion what is no better than downright magic in the eyes of the orthodox. It is not made clear whether a special revelation was vouchsafed to mankind in pre-totemic times, or, if so, why this should have taken place a second time for the benefit of people already hopelessly sophisticated and enured to luxuries, material and mental, unknown to the Stone Age. Be this as it may, it looks as if the edifying convictions of these early fundamentalists availed them not at all in the struggle with the hard facts of existence. To be sure, the anthropologist works at the level of mere science and realizes that his working test of survival-value is no sufficient criterion of ultimate good. A version of the Fall of Man, however, which has to admit that from the standpoint of comfort and security it has been a process of falling upstairs, is too paradoxical to commend itself to common-sense ; yet would that it were more common !

Nothing is so satisfying when one is searching for early man as to find a skeleton or even a more or less battered skull. For cultural remains may be questioned, and eoliths are but eolithic. When our venerable predecessor turns up in person, however, there is nothing more to be said—so long at any rate as his anatomical characters do not, as sometimes happens, positively reek of modernity. Now in the past, Sir Arthur Keith, the kindest of men, has been inclined sometimes to state a case in favour of claimants to a hoar past who are of a suspiciously fresh, not to say Cockneyfied appearance, these being largely Britons. Yet ever since the Piltdown fossil proclaimed this country the cradle land of one of the very earliest types of mankind, the keenest patriot need not fear that England—whatever may be the case with Scotland and Ireland, while Wales has at least its Paviland cave-man—is out of the running in the prehistoric point-to-point. To continue the metaphor, the first flight used to consist of Eoanthropus (Piltdown) roughly abreast of Pithecanthropus (Java), and with Palaeoanthropus (Heidelberg) at his tail. Now, however, they are challenged by Sinanthropus (China), who is stated to be of the same pedigree as Pithecanthropus and in any case might be said to hail from the same stable. A bit behind lumbers along a whole crowd of Neanderthals, with the Ehringsdorf entry foremost among them, and with Galilee and Gibraltar II also going lively, each of them fresh from the hands of an Oxford trainer, Mr. Turville-Petre and Miss Dorothy Garrod being severally responsible. Out of the ruck of the rearmost field may be distinguished a whole group of Predmostians, sturdy hunters from Moravia, and the London filly, bred in the heart of the City, whom Sir Arthur Keith optimistically guesses to have been sired by Eoanthropus from near-by Sussex. Every part of the world, it may be noticed, is having a try for these same Antiquity Stakes. Australia with Talgai and Cohuna, and South Africa with Fish Hoek, the latter as big in the head as the former are small. America, however, can only provide Punin, a rather dark horse from Ecuador. Those sportsmen, then, who wish to be in touch with all the latest betting have only to consult Sir Arthur Keith, the very prince of book-makers.

It may suffice to say about Dr. Margaret Mead's book concerning *Growing up in New Guinea*—it is really about the Admiralty Islands which are next door—that it is quite as good as her former study of primitive youth called, *Coming of Age in Samoa*. In other words, it is absolutely first-rate. It is thoroughly scientific in method and spirit, and at the same time it is from a literary point of view admirably composed, teeming as it does with fine observations that require equally delicate powers of

expression to do them justice. Now whereas the account of adolescent Samoa was a little liable to shock one's aunt, she may turn with relief to New Guinea which—at all events as represented by the Manus villagers, fishing and trading-folk with possessive inclinations—is in its domestic morality decidedly puritan; though even here home-life must have its flaws, since concerning charms, in which there is a lively traffic, we read that some are procured in order “to make a husband come home on time for meals”, and others to make him “think lightly of his other wife.”

Mr. Foster has achieved a notable book that deserves very careful reading. His aim is nothing less than to present a connected and comprehensive view of the movements incidental to the gradual peopling of the pre-civilized world. My only criticism would be that it seems more solid than any synthesis of the kind can really be in view of the doubtful nature of so much of the evidence. Perhaps a certain heaviness in the style contributes to this effect. Archaeological research is advancing rapidly, but even so the value of a study of prehistory can roughly be gauged by the number of question-marks that it contains.

Professor Wallis also provides a synoptic version of human history, his special object being to discover the nature of progress. His chair in the University of Minnesota combines anthropology with sociology—an excellent arrangement, since a science and a philosophy of Man are both needed in order to bring facts and values into just relation with one another. The moral of the book is that all culture is experimental, and depends for its success on the strength of the courage that it embodies. For instance, “If the people wish prohibition to succeed it will succeed; if they are determined that it shall not succeed, then it is foreordained to fail.” Altogether, American anthropologists are displaying wonderful energy. Thus Professor E. A. Hooton's monograph on the anthropometry of the Pueblo Indians of Pecos is a model of statistical analysis. One wonders, a little enviously, what it must have cost the Trustees of Phillips' Academy, Andover, to finance the publication of so magnificent a volume. The technical portion of the treatise makes rather stiff reading; but every one should study the concluding section on the racial history of the American Indian in general which is as illuminating as anything yet written on that perplexed theme. Mr. Means, again, has accomplished a fine piece of work in his account of the Andean civilization—and since Prescott wrote more than half a century ago there is much that is new to say. Was it of indigenous origin? Mr. Means does not agree with the diffusionists, but proudly declares: “Bone, flesh, and blood, and these alone, did the native folk of this hemisphere derive from the Old World.” This is quite in keeping with a Catalan pronouncement which says that race is the one solid fact in human history, so that culture and politics must follow the breed, since mixed races can only have muddled souls. Catalan, by the way, is quite easy to understand, if one has some Spanish, and seems even nearer to the Latin.

There can be no better index to ethnic psychology than the native folk-tale; but the English version must be strictly literal. Because he sins against this canon, I doubt the scientific virtue of Dr. Ramsay Smith's Australian myths and legends. Contrast Dr. Rattray, whose Ashanti stories are palpably the real thing. A strange feature is that the Supreme Being appears on them side by side with the Spider as a more or less comic character—a sort of Brer Rabbit. Dr. Rattray explains it as a mode of getting rid of repressions by way of what is well recognised as light literature as distinguished from myth, which is always of solemn import. Finally, fairy stories may be written that are at once original and yet true to the old-world manner that appeals to the *ewig-kindisches* in us all. At the entrance to the Singing Wood should be hung a notice, “This way to the Golden Bough.”

R. R. MARETT

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

EMIL AND THE DETECTIVES. By ERICH KASTNER. 7s. 6d.; SWALLOW-DALE. By ARTHUR RANSOME. 7s. 6d.; THE TWILIGHT OF MAGIC. By HUGH LOFTING. 7s. 6d. Jonathan Cape.

SIR BINGO WALKER. By JAMES BRIDE. Constable. 7s. 6d.

I KNOW A SECRET. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. Faber & Faber. 7s. 6d.

BOYS AND GIRLS AND GODS. By NAOMI MITCHISON. Watts. 1s. 6d.

SANTA CLAUS IN SUMMERTIME. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. 4s. 6d.; PEACOCK EGGS. By MARGARET AND MARY BAKER. 3s. 6d.; NO. 9 JOY STREET. 6s. Blackwell.

MR. PAPINGAY'S FLYING SHIP. By MARION ST. JOHN WEBB. 5s.; THE ABBEY GIRLS ON TRIAL. By ELSIE OXENHAM. 5s.; PLAY UP ADVENTURERS. By HERBERT HAYNES. 5s. Collins.

FOR THE WHITE COCKADE. By E. R. G. R. EVANS. 5s.; THE WINGS THAT FAILED. By FRANCES COWEN. 5s.; MOTOR ANNUAL, AIRCRAFT ANNUAL, ADVENTURE ANNUAL. 5s. Collins.

THE ALPHABET. By MONRO ST. ORR. 10s. 6d.; LITTLE WARS, FLOOR GAMES. By H. G. WELLS. 5s. each. Dent.

REDDY FOX, PADDY THE BEAVER, BUSTER BEAR, CHATTERER THE RED SQUIRREL, PETER COTTONTAIL, GRANDFATHER FROG. By THORNTON W. BURGESS. The Bodley Head. 2s.

A VERY good book will often make its companions look pale by comparison ; but there are times when it will lend them radiance. *Emil and the Detectives* has done this for my Christmas selections. So lovely a book sends one to the typewriter with the heartening impression that the children are in luck this year ; and so they are. But of all the good books on my list *Emil* is easily the first. Emil is a little boy who lives with a widowed mother in the town of Neustadt, not far from Berlin. He goes in the train by himself to Berlin to visit his grandmother, and is entrusted by his mother with an envelope containing seven pounds in paper for his Grannie. The envelope is purloined from his pocket by a thief in the train and Emil, because he has a guilty memory of having lately painted a moustache upon the face of the statue of the Grand Duke Charles in Neustadt, is afraid of getting into prominence with the police. But the money has to be recovered : Emil follows the thief himself, unhesitatingly. Grasping his suitcase and his bunch of country flowers, he jumps out of the train at the station before his own to chase the fellow traveller he suspects. He dives into the traffic, and his adventures make up the rest of this admirable little story. He is lucky in meeting with an enterprising gang of urchins, who, being as young as himself, immediately credit his story of the theft and join forces with him in tracking the thief. They succeed ; and discover that they have actually caught a notorious criminal wanted by the Berlin police, upon whose head a reward has been set which Emil, fearfully, claims—for his own crimes weigh heavily on his mind. When he confesses, under pressure, his reason for not having communicated at once with the police he is horribly confused by the roar of laughter that goes up ! But he

gets his money. And, with suitcase, flowers and money complete, he finally arrives at his grandmother's house some forty-eight hours late. This story is perfectly designed for children; the balance of danger, expectation and relief are correctly kept, the characters of Emil and his band of assistant amateur detectives are delightfully drawn and differentiated, it has many amusing illustrations (the one of Emil's dreadful dream is a joy), and an introduction by Mr. de la Mare which should alone ensure its reaching the many hands it deserves to reach this Christmas. The translator, also, has done his bit. Reading the story as it stands it might well have happened in any English town to any English boy. The boys' language is as typically rendered as is the telling of the whole tale. Here is a conversation between Emil and the little boy who becomes his first confederate:

"I'm not playing hide and seek," said Emil, "I'm watching a thief."

"What?" the other boy replied. "Who's he been stealing from?"

"Me," answered Emil, feeling rather proud of it. "On the train, while I was asleep. Seven pounds, which I was to give my grandmother in Berlin. Then when he had stolen it he sneaked into another compartment of the train and got off . . . and now he's over there in that café—it's that man in the bowler hat who is looking so pleased with himself."

"Lawks! This is marvellous," the other boy exclaimed. "It's like a film. What are you going to do next?"

"I've not the vaguest idea. Of course, I shall follow him, but that's all I know so far."

"Tell that policeman over there. He'll see to him."

"I don't like to. I committed a crime in Neustadt—and they may be after me by now—and if I . . ."

"Oh, I see," said the boy.

Then he said: "Well, I think this thief affair is going to be tophole. First-rate. And, I say? If you don't mind, I think I'll help you."

The delightful set of youngsters, whose adventures Mr. Arthur Ransome told us last year in *Swallows and Amazons*, have more, equally thrilling adventures this year in *Swallowdale*. A splendid map is appended of the country they explore; sailing to it, of course, on their ship, *Swallow*. This sequel is every bit as good as the first book and children who enjoyed the former will certainly want to possess the latter—or vice versa. They will love to hear how "Captain John," "Mate Susan," "Able-seaman Titty" and "Boy Roger" go to the Lakes for another summer holiday, meet their old friends "Captain Nancy" and "Mate Peggy," have all the sort of adventures they'd be bound to have and bring them to a successful conclusion. Mr. Ransome writes in a simple, flowing style, subtly touched by the distinction necessary between what is written for adult and what is written for childish ears. It is never febrilely childish or sophisticatedly funny; it is rich coloured language, but toned to suit the receptivity of its hearers. The excellent illustrations are by a very fine artist indeed; they are beautiful and of real value to the story. "Boy Roger's" feelings when he, the youngest of the boat's crew, sprains his ankle and his sister, "Able-seaman Titty," has to leave him alone while she goes for help are described in this lively way:

The ship's boy felt suddenly a good deal less brave as the able-seaman disappeared among the trees. . . . He had another look at the damaged foot, and when he saw how blue and green it was turning, he thought for a moment that it must be hurting him badly. But he soon found it was not, by waggling it, when it hurt at once, so that he could easily tell the difference. He remembered what he had heard in several stories about wounded men fainting from pain. He was not quite sure how they did it. He flopped backwards, but a sprig of heather tickled the back of his neck. He had to find a smoother place to faint on.

The Perilous Adventures of Sir Bingo Walker of Alpaca Square is an exciting title, if a bit overloaded ; but the book proves worthy of the bait. Sir Bingo is a simple-minded gentleman, who upon receiving, very unexpectedly, a title, dresses himself up in armour and sets out on an adventurous Don Quixote-like journey. He takes with him a little boy named Charles, who, of course, is thrilled to throw himself heart and soul into the enterprise. They meet with numerous other amusing characters and all their stories are woven into one in the end. It is humorous, fantastic and complicated, but never strained. In consequence the reader experiences no sense of effort in swallowing the fare that has been so effortlessly concocted.

A further instalment of the life of " Mr. Papingay " is a good thing to see out this Christmas, and one that is obviously as entertaining as any of its predecessors. But I am sorry to discover that Mr. Hugh Lofting can be other than first rate ; his new book I found distinctly on the dull side. The opening chapters bring no enthusiasm to life in the mind, none of the expected interest is awakened in what is to follow, the characters (human beings this time) display no individualities that matter, and the story flags.

The cat, " Fourchette," and all her friends and relations, have friends in most nurseries and this book of Mr. Christopher Morley's stories re-issued will be welcomed everywhere. Mrs. Naomi Mitchison who, so the publisher announces on the wrapper, asked for more stories from this author for her children, has herself published a book of stories for children. These are as may be guessed, stories about life in ancient days. Nothing that is not well " B.C." is of much use to Mrs. Mitchison's imagination. But she renders a service to the world in re-creating the life of the past so faithfully and fondly.

For fairy tale books of fancy, that is to say not the old traditional fairy tales but new ones, Compton Mackenzie's *Santa Claus in Summer Time* is excellent ; there are also *No. 9 Joy Street*, and another book by Margaret and Mary Baker, *Peacock Eggs*, as good if not better than their previous delightful fancies ; *All Mary* is a second instalment of the lives of the enchanting Bears that Miss Gwynedd Rae created last season. It was a good idea of the publishers to re-issue Mr. H. G. Wells's two books telling how he played floor games with his sons, and describing the bricks, cardboard, boxes, etc., necessary. Most children will find great stimulation from reading these accounts of how others managed their sham-warfare, etc., and will love to follow them in imagination.

With these the Nursery is well catered for. Older children will find a lot of good reading coming from the publishing house of Collins. In a very fine series of well-bound, dark blue volumes, with plain, clear dust covers there is a good book for girls which, though it is called *The Abbey Girls on Trial*, is not the inevitable story of a girls' school one would expect, but a much more lively affair about some charming girls who conduct a teashop. There are three quite good books for boys in *For the White Cockade*, *The Wings that Failed* and *Play Up Adventurers* ; also *The Book of The Air* and several excellent annuals : *The Motor Annual*, *Aircraft Annual*, *Adventure Annual*, *Children's Annual*.

In conclusion I should just like to mention the perfectly charming illustrated Alphabet—" A was an Archer who shot at a Frog, etc."—brought out by Dent—a jingle that can never be let die.

Also six charming stories for little ones, published by The Bodley Head at 2s. each. They are in the Beatrix Potter convention, expanded and amplified, no doubt, but in the direct tradition. Their names will be found above, and indicate their nature.

EILEEN SQUIRE